

## An Education

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## An Education

by [zuzeca](#)

### Summary

When the equilibrium between Galvatron and Cyclonus is disrupted by a ghost from the past, for the first time, Cyclonus finds himself struggling to fulfill his lord's needs. So Cyclonus, logically, decides to seek out the mechanism that captured Galvatron's attention and demand instruction.

Things do not quite go as planned.

### Notes

So spaceliquid wrote an absolutely delicious smut oneshot for my birthday and I loved it to pieces but it was also terribly sad and, poor little romantic soul that I am, I could not stop thinking about it. T^T I started toying around with angst and logistics and ~~how fucking hot Optimus/Cyclonus might actually be~~ fluff and before I'd realized it there was a word document open and *things* were happening. And then the things grew legs and well, here we are.

Don't believe the tags, this is pure crack OT3 nonsense, for an OT3 that probably has no right to exist. It's also essentially a sequel to *Fading Embers* and there are a number of elements pulled from there, most significantly that both Galvatron and Optimus are valve-only in this verse, due to some divine monkeying around. I highly encourage you all to read her story first. There will be more of this later, but for now, enjoy!

- Inspired by [Fading Embers](#) by [spaceliquid](#)

# Chapter 1

Cyclonus was unsettled.

Granted this was not an uncommon feeling for him to experience. Cyclonus was born into an uncertain world, frame and spark shaped by a being of chaos and destruction, he had sworn his fealty to a leader who would just as soon shoot him as look at him, instability came with the territory.

Yet ever since Lord Galvatron returned one cycle smelling of lubricant and ozone and in a towering rage that put many of his earlier tantrums to shame, things had been...different.

It was not the evidence of interfacing that disturbed Cyclonus. It was his lord's right to take his pleasure how and when he pleased and it was not Cyclonus's prerogative to interfere. No, rather it was the changes to Lord Galvatron himself that unsettled Cyclonus, the refusal to speak except to rage at his soldiers or give short, terse commands, the brooding silences which had grown longer than they ever were, the worsening nightmares, and, most alarming, the subtle edge of true distress in Galvatron's field when he permitted Cyclonus close enough to touch.

And then there was the incident when his lord last took him to berth.

Cyclonus had retained no knowledge of any proclivities or prowess the former components of his frame might have possessed, but he was created foremost to serve Lord Galvatron in all ways, and it was no great trial to submit and bare himself the first time Galvatron had seized him among the smoking ruins of a battlefield and thrown him to the ground. It had been messy and brutal and inelegant and both of them had suffered damage to their interfacing hardware, but it was also one of Cyclonus's most cherished memories.

And Lord Galvatron had learned...mostly. They no longer required medical attention except on very special occasions, or when Galvatron became overly enthusiastic, something which was a secret relief to Cyclonus. He feared no pain that he might experience in his lord's name, but it was difficult enough as it was to cajole Galvatron into accepting medical care without adding additional injuries.

Still, Galvatron was nothing if not to the point, and the preamble to their encounters rarely consisted of more than brief, enthusiastic, and ferocious kissing—which perhaps could be better termed biting—or skipping the lead up all together and tossing Cyclonus to the ground and riding him until Cyclonus blew a relay trying to hold back his overload.

So it had come as a bit of a surprise when Galvatron had pulled back from his biting attentions to Cyclonus's horns, given Cyclonus a strange and searching look, and said “Your mouth on me. Now.”

Cyclonus was already on his knees, grasping at Galvatron's thighs, before his processor caught up to his frame and he realized he actually had no idea what he was doing. To his utter shame, he'd spent a few moments fumbling about, blinking at Galvatron's valve as though he'd never seen it before. Where should he begin? The anterior node was an obvious choice, but what else? His processor had raced and Galvatron had given the back of his helm an impatient tug.

Taking desperate cues from the data from their prior encounters, Cyclonus had gone for rough and persistent, working the anterior node with his glossa until Lord Galvatron had made a growling noise of exasperation and shoved Cyclonus over on his back and mounted him and Cyclonus had nearly died of shame.

Lord Galvatron had not reprimanded him for his incompetence, but neither had he suggested Cyclonus engage in such an act again, something which cut far more deeply. And so Cyclonus perched upon a crumbling cliff on the planet where they had stopped to rest, commlink tuned for a message from his lord, and brooded over his inadequacies.

Galvatron had never complained about his performance before, but something had clearly shifted the night of his lord's mysterious encounter. And regardless of the reason, if Galvatron was no longer satisfied with Cyclonus's current abilities, it was his sworn duty to improve himself.

The real question was, how? He doubted Galvatron would have the patience to endure Cyclonus's further, fumbling attempts and while he longed for his lord to simply take a firm hand and direct him, Galvatron had seemed strangely reticent to do so. Perhaps it had to do with drawing attention to the differences between Galvatron's interfacing hardware and his own, but considering his lord's current mood, Cyclonus suspected an inquiry in that direction might incur part removal. There was always Scourge—Cyclonus had never considered taking him to berth but Galvatron had given no command indicating he was forbidden from doing so—but Scourge was as poorly versed in interfacing techniques as was Cyclonus himself. No, the key to Cyclonus's problem had to lie somewhere with the mechanism that had captured his lord's attention. And considering those that had done so comprised a very, very short list...

Cyclonus experienced a deep feeling of foreboding.

Statistically speaking, he was probably looking for an Autobot Prime.

It took several delicate and probing inquiries for Cyclonus to obtain the information he desired, plus one awkward and stilted communication with Ultra Magnus, using a comlink code that both of them would swear under pain of torture that they did not possess. Still, all queries came back with the same, resounding answer.

Lord Galvatron had not in fact gone off and fragged Rodimus Prime.

This...complicated things, considerably. Not least because the alternative was located deep in enemy territory and more likely to shoot first and ask questions later. Still, what must be done must be done.

This was how Cyclonus found himself in Autobot City, in front of Optimus Prime's berth, with a blaster pointed at his face.

He had to give the Autobot some credit; he'd gotten the blaster trained on him before Cyclonus had made it halfway through the window.

"It is the middle of the night," said Optimus, flat. "What are you doing inside my berthroom?"

"You did something," said Cyclonus. He'd meant for it come out strong, accusing, but it sounded more than a little petulant to his audio sensors.

Optimus raised an orbital ridge. "I have lived a very full life," he said. The barrel of the blaster did not waver. "I have done many things. Perhaps you could be a bit more specific?"

"To Lord Galvatron."

The Prime twitched. Cyclonus's spark sank. Optimus's jaw worked behind his battlemask. "I did not realize," he said, slow. He cautiously lowered the blaster to rest in his lap, though Cyclonus noted he kept his finger on the trigger. "I believe I may owe you an apology?"

“It is Lord Galvatron’s business whom he wishes to...share himself with,” said Cyclonus stiffly.  
“That is not the issue.”

Optimus gave Cyclonus a keen look that indicated he did not quite believe him. “Then what is?”

“Lord Galvatron has...” He could barely bring himself to speak his shame aloud. He steadied himself. “Lord Galvatron returned from your...” He squirmed in discomfort. “My skills in the berth are no longer sufficient to satisfy Lord Galvatron. I wish for you to teach me.”

Optimus’s optics widened, “What?”

“I require instruction on—”

“No, no I understand that,” said Optimus. “Firstly, I do not think that is a good idea. Second... explain to me exactly what has given you the impression that Galvatron is...unsatisfied with you?”

Cyclonus fixed his optics somewhere to Optimus’s left. “Lord Galvatron requested that I pleasure him with my mouth. I failed. He has not asked further and seems rather...restless. Thus, I require instruction.”

Optimus’s orbital ridges rose so high they nearly brushed the edge of his helm. “Wait, how is it you could fail at something like that?”

Cyclonus refused to answer.

Optimus sighed, “Explain to me what you did.”

“I used my mouth to—”

Optimus rested his free hand on his nasal ridge and looked pained, “Be specific.”

“I applied my glossa strenuously to Lord Galvatron’s main exterior node with the intention to cause overload.”

Optimus cocked his head at him, “Is that all?”

“It seemed the most efficient way to fulfill Lord Galvatron’s request.”

“Efficient—” Optimus looked flummoxed. “This technique has worked on your previous partners?”

Cyclonus twitched. “I serve only Lord Galvatron,” he said, stubbornly looking at the floor.

“Vector Sigma,” said Optimus, under his breath. “Haven’t you ever touched your own valve?”

“I serve only Lord Galvatron,” said Cyclonus, rather than answer.

“Then “Lord” Galvatron should have demonstrated his preferences himself,” muttered Optimus, looking exasperated. “Valve nodes are quite a bit more sensitive, hazards of the delicacy of the equipment, to help keep a receptive mechanism from injury. You will occasionally find a partner who will enjoy the sort of...strenuous, single-minded technique you are describing, but for the most part, if you do something like that without warming your partner up it can be quite uncomfortable.”

“Lord Galvatron does not fear pain.”

“Not pain, precisely, just discomfort, dissatisfaction. Trust me, I am...rather aware of where Galvatron is coming from in that regard.”

“What do you mean by warming up?”

Optimus considered for a moment before patting the side of the narrow berth with his free hand, “Sit down and I will show you.”

Cyclonus recoiled, “No.”

Optimus looked amused. “I assure you I am not going to do what you are thinking. Sit down on the berth and give me your hand.” He hesitated a moment before setting the blaster down beside him and withdrawing his battlemask. “I promise your honor will remain quite intact.”

Cyclonus wavered, but he was quite curious. Clearly something about this mechanism had drawn Lord Galvatron to him—he shied away from the thought that it was related to Galvatron’s nightmares, the distant, haunted look Cyclonus sometimes saw in his optics—and if Cyclonus could capture even a fraction of that fascination, it was worth any price.

Cyclonus sat, gingerly on the edge of the berth. It was a tight fit. From this proximity he could feel warmth of Optimus’s engines, the flux of his field. Cyclonus extended a hand.

Optimus took it, gently and brought it up towards his face. He rubbed his thumb across Cyclonus’s knuckles, soothing, before tracing down each of the first two fingers in turn. “Here, imagine that these are the edges of a valve. You simply—” He lowered his mouth and kissed Cyclonus’s fingers before licking up each of them, pressing the flat of his glossa against them. Cyclonus jumped and forced himself still.

“Do not go right for the main node,” Optimus said, in between long, slow licks. “Work your way towards it, use the whole of your glossa.” He flicked his glossa against one of Cyclonus’s knuckles and Cyclonus bit his own glossa to keep himself from gasping. “Stimulate it, then back off before you go in again. Go slowly.”

To his shock and embarrassment, Cyclonus felt his own valve start to lubricate. This was wrong, disastrous, but he could imagine all too well how such attentions would feel on a valve, on his valve. “Lord Galvatron does not prefer slow,” he managed, trying not to squirm, struggling to keep his mind focused on his goal.

Optimus snorted softly. “I think I got a pretty good grasp of what he enjoyed,” he said, tone a touch sardonic and it should have stung but all Cyclonus could imagine was the two of them together, Optimus’s mouth on Galvatron’s valve, Galvatron wild and shaking with pleasure and oh it was blasphemous but his array ached at the thought, valve tightening and spike struggling to pressurize. Optimus rubbed his nasal ridge against Cyclonus’s knuckles, smearing the lubricant left behind by his glossa. “If he desires more active participation, give him something to press against.”

“I see,” said Cyclonus, trying not to sound as strangled as he felt.

“It is not as easy to stimulate a partner this way as it is by spiking them,” said Optimus. “You have to manipulate the current without forming a complete circuit. But be persistent, ramp his charge up and —” He pushed his glossa between Cyclonus’s fingers, the slick tip brushing against the palm and Cyclonus clamped his thighs tight together. Optimus thrust his glossa a few times in crude mimicry of penetration before withdrawing and looking up at Cyclonus. “You can cause some spectacular overloads.”

Cyclonus did not know quite what to say. His core pulsed with heat, his fans whirled and his valve clenched and ached with the unfamiliar desire to have something in him. “Thank you,” he said finally, shunting aside all the confused, disturbing thoughts whirling through his processor. His voice

sounded hoarse to his audio sensors.

Optimus smiled at him, a little sadly, the flicker of a shadow in his optics, the same haunted distance that Cyclonus sometimes saw in Galvatron. "I wish you the very best."

Cyclonus returned to Galvatron's side, hidden beneath the overhang of the leeward face of a cliff, still buzzing with charge, and settled down beside him, close enough to read the flux of his lord's field but distant enough to keep from startling him awake. Galvatron did rouse briefly, optics slitting open before he turned over and presented his back to Cyclonus. He'd no doubt read the arousal in Cyclonus's field, but he was clearly in no mood to indulge him. Cyclonus offlined his optics and tried to recharge.

It proved impossible. His charge cycled endlessly, an uncomfortable hum, in spite of his best efforts to ignore it. Beside him, Galvatron gave a grunt of annoyance and rolled towards Cyclonus, clamping his hand around Cyclonus's shoulder and dragging him in closer. One of Galvatron's shapely thighs hiked over Cyclonus's pelvic span and his interface hatch snapped open.

"It is intolerable to rest with you like this," Galvatron said, grumbling, optics still offline. "But I am not getting up."

It would have been very easy, not to mention pleasurable, to give in to programmed response and mindlessly rut into Galvatron's valve, but Cyclonus found himself hesitating. His entire being throbbed with the desire to serve, to pleasure, to give of himself, but for the first time, Cyclonus discovered that he wanted something specific, beyond simply obeying his lord's commands. It was disconcerting, but he burned for it. He ran his thumb across the dried lubricant on his knuckles and swallowed hard.

"Mighty One," he began, and reset his vocalizer. "Lord Galvatron..."

Galvatron grunted in irritation and pushed his pelvic array against Cyclonus's. "Well? Get on with it."

"I would...like to try again," said Cyclonus, and then, gathering his courage. "Lord Galvatron, may I use my mouth on you?"

It sounded utterly ridiculous to his audio sensors, but Galvatron's optics flashed online, startled. "What?"

Cyclonus rested a beseeching hand on Galvatron's chestplate, "Please?" He did not wish to press if Galvatron did not desire it, but the thought of performing this act made him ache. Behind his interface hatch, his valve clenched and he felt a rush of lubricant.

Galvatron gave him an unreadable look, but at long last released Cyclonus and rolled onto his back, spreading his thighs open. "Very well," he said, his tone discouragingly neutral, "but I am still not getting up."

"Thank you, Lord Galvatron," said Cyclonus, rolling over and pushing himself down to settle between Galvatron's legs. Galvatron was not producing much lubricant, but Cyclonus took him at his word that he had permission, trying not to rush, tracing in the edges of the valve with his fingers before lowering his mouth to it.

Galvatron shifted underneath him, letting out a huff of breath. Cyclonus's tank turned and he tried to ignore it, focusing instead on the memory of Optimus's lesson, letting the deep rumble of

remembered instructions guide him and reading Galvatron's responses.

Galvatron's breath quickened as Cyclonus worked his way upwards with long, slow licks, coming near to the sensitive nodes at the valve's apex before backing off and returning. Galvatron's field pulsed with impatience and Cyclonus thought he might chastise him, but instead Galvatron squirmed and relaxed, leaving himself open. Spark pulsing with unfamiliar excitement, Cyclonus licked across Galvatron's main exterior node.

Galvatron's thighs clamped tight around his helm and Cyclonus jerked in surprise before melting, rubbing his nasal ridge eagerly against Galvatron's anterior node, feeling the lubricant smear across his face. Blind and half-deaf, sensory data overwhelmed by the taste and scent and feel of Galvatron, Cyclonus burrowed, avid, pushing his glossa into Galvatron's valve and feeling Galvatron's hands alight on the back of his helm, gripping at his horns to better control his movements.

Licking and sucking as best as he could manage while Galvatron bucked against his mouth, Cyclonus thought his spark might implode with incoherent joy. He could feel Galvatron's valve begin to clench and spark against his glossa, pushed it in deep and felt his horns dent painfully under Galvatron's fingers as Galvatron tripped into overload. Charge flashed across his glossa and lubricant gushed, spilling down his face and Cyclonus worked on, half-mad and desperate, grinding his spike—he could not remember when his hatch had opened—against the ground.

“Enough!” said Galvatron, wrenching him upwards, but there was no rancor in his voice or field, only fierce pleasure and amusement as he dragged Cyclonus into position and guided him inside. Cyclonus thrust, helpless against him, trying to speak, trying to beg forgiveness because he couldn't stop himself—

Overload shook him, shorting out relays and leaving him gasping and weak, slumped over Galvatron's chestplate. “Lord Galvatron,” he moaned.

Galvatron chuckled and patted Cyclonus's shoulder. “That was well done,” he said, and his field pulsed with satisfaction and approval.

Cyclonus hid his face against Galvatron's chestplate and smiled to himself, running his thumb across his knuckles absentmindedly, “Thank you, Lord Galvatron.”

Worth any price indeed.



## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

As promised, the madness continues. Cyclonus is curious. Optimus is bewildered ~~and turned on~~. Questionable choices are made all around. It continues to rain awkward fluff.

That said, I am so happy that people are enjoying this. x3 Happy reading.

In retrospective, Cyclonus realized that could have been the end of it. Galvatron seemed pleased with his performance and they once again settled—mostly—into their usual dynamic. Since his encounter with the Matrix, the purge of his systems of the Hate Plague, Galvatron's visions of universal domination had dimmed somewhat, lost some direction, and so they drifted from planet to planet, sizing them up, frightening the local populace, only for Galvatron to grow bored or disillusioned and command them onwards.

It was during this time that Cyclonus began to think.

He no longer feared that he would be thrown over for the Autobot Prime. Galvatron had given no indication that such a thing was imminent. Yet in spite of Galvatron's evident satisfaction with him, Cyclonus could not shake the gnawing feeling of curiosity.

What was it, if not dissatisfaction, that had drawn Galvatron to Optimus Prime's berth? In spite of the occasional sly comment by Astrotrain, it was fairly evident that...the mechanism that had been reformatted into Galvatron had not had some prior tryst with the Autobot, at least none that had been consummated. And what had Optimus meant when he'd insinuated that he understood Galvatron's situation better than most?

The questions ate at him, shards of energon in his processor. He had been created to serve Lord Galvatron, and to serve him best, Cyclonus must understand him, know what he truly needed, rather than only what he commanded. So when they stopped off on a large, uninhabited moon in the Gamma Quadrant, within reasonable travel distance of Earth, and Galvatron declared that they would rest there before stomping off to brood or rage in private, rather than follow him, Cyclonus slipped away.

Unicron may have cast the players, but it was Cyclonus who interpreted the role.

Besides, it stood to reason that Optimus Prime had other knowledge which he could impart regarding interfacing techniques.

Seated on the stool next to the berth, frozen in the act of wiping a smear of soot and grease on his forearm guard—a futile endeavor, as Cyclonus could see that the rag was black already—Optimus blinked up at him. “Oh,” he said. “It’s you.”

“I require further instruction,” Cyclonus announced, ducking to avoid hitting his horns on the window frame.

Optimus lowered the rag, his expression puzzled and perhaps a bit resigned. “Did your...did things

not go well?" He looked as though he would prefer not to know the answer.

"Lord Galvatron was pleased," said Cyclonus. "But I deduced that you would possess more knowledge of value."

Optimus's fist clenched around the rag, "That is very presumptuous of you."

"Presumptuous to ask for something I require?"

Optimus let out a rush of air and gave him a look. "Fair enough. You may ask, but I may decline. I am tired and filthy and I would like to recharge. I am not in a mood to...educate you further."

Cyclonus nodded, "I understand."

"Thank you."

Cyclonus looked Optimus over. His plating was streaked with grime and from the pale cast to his optics, he was running low on energon. He looked...run down, certainly not like a mechanism that Galvatron would consider his equal, and the wrongness itched at Cyclonus's processor. Frowning, Cyclonus stepped past Optimus, further into the berthroom, and made for the washrack door.

Optimus started, "Wait, what are you doing?"

Cyclonus slid back the door to the washrack and busied himself with the knobs. Solvent rushed out, cool and slick and unfamiliar. He frowned and ran his hand through it. Some sort of organic compound, but it did not appear to be corrosive. It would serve. He moved away from the washrack and rummaged near the berth for an empty crate, setting it down under the spray. "You are, as you said, tired and filthy. It is damaging to gears and circuitry to be put away without removing contaminants. Come here."

Optimus stared at him as though he'd grown a second head. "Have you glitched?"

"I am fully functional, come." The solvent was beginning to warm, not hot enough to come even close to damaging delicate circuitry, but it would soften the grease.

With a crank and squeal of gears, Optimus rose and approached him, radiating caution. He allowed Cyclonus to guide him into sitting on the crate. "I am capable of washing myself."

"This is more efficient," said Cyclonus. There was a scrap of soft, unfamiliar material hanging up in the washrack and a solid block of something on a small ledge. Wetting and rubbing the block proved it to be a surfactant and he applied some to the rag before setting it to Optimus's plating. It foamed pleasingly, cutting through grit and grime, and something in the depths of Cyclonus's processor hummed in pleasure. Galvatron rarely had the patience to allow him to attempt something like this, nor did they have access to such facilities even if he had. Slowly, Optimus began to relax under his hands, helm sinking forward. His thoughts blissfully blank and focused, Cyclonus directed the flow of solvent, keeping a sharp optic out until at last the solvent circling the drain beneath them ran clear. Reaching across Optimus, he flipped off the solvent and switched the washrack to its drying setting. "Wait a moment."

Solvent squished under his feet as Cyclonus searched among Optimus's things until he uncovered a small cache of energon cubes. He lifted one out and set it aside for Optimus, subspaced another two—he wasn't one to overlook an unexpected boon—and carried the first to the washrack.

Optimus was dry already and struggling to his feet, clumsy with exhaustion. Cyclonus ushered him out and urged him to sit on the berth. "Here," he said, pushing the cube into Optimus's hands.

Optimus took it and hesitated before jerking his helm in the direction of his stores. “You must have had a long flight,” he said. “Go take one for yourself.”

Cyclonus complied. As he crouched to retrieve a second cube, Optimus chuckled softly. “And I’m certain you can carry more than two. We get sufficient energon from the hydroelectric plant nearby.”

Cyclonus froze, “I...”

“Don’t worry about it,” said Optimus softly. “It is good to know that he—no one should go hungry.”

Cyclonus paused, but the need to see Galvatron fully fueled and well, as well as could be expected given their nomadic lifestyle, overwhelmed all and he tucked another three cubes into his subspace before rising with the original. Seating himself on the small seat near the berth, he cracked open the cube and drank. The energon was clean and fresh, with an edge to it that reminded Cyclonus of the organic solvent that flowed from the pipes. Energy rushed through his lines, heady and relaxing all at once.

Optimus raised his cube to Cyclonus and drank. “Thank you,” he said. “Your...your service was appreciated.”

Cyclonus blamed the influx of charge from the energon for the sudden, warm rush of pleasure that curled through his spark.

Galvatron regarded the cubes with suspicion, but he drank the energon all the same, before gesturing to Cyclonus to pass two of the remaining cubes to Soundwave. Cyclonus did so with great trepidation—Soundwave’s powers of telepathy were both more and less than a well-founded rumor—and kept his thoughts as blank as possible upon approach. Still, Soundwave gave him a flat look edged in curiosity until Cyclonus puffed slightly, erecting his plating in subtle threat display. Soundwave merely looked him over and accepted the energon. Soundwave was the embodiment of stoic, but Cyclonus often suspected that he was tired. They were all tired, even Galvatron, though he would tear himself to bits before admitting such, a motley assortment of Decepticons without home or purpose.

Cyclonus returned to Galvatron’s side and seated himself to watch the dense, swirling clouds of hydrocarbon vapor overhead as he drank his own energon. Galvatron finished his cube and dispersed it. He did not offer Cyclonus thanks, but his field pulsed low and steady, a jagged rhythm that was the closest he ever came to tranquility, and Cyclonus knew he had done well.

They did not move on the next cycle and the other Decepticons relished the chance to rest, fragmenting into small groups and spreading out across the ice and rock surface or clustering around the energy-rich hydrocarbon seas, which Soundwave immediately put to use, cranking out energon cubes aplenty. It was a worthy outpost, Cyclonus thought, though he dared not suggest to Galvatron that they might stay there for a time. He had come to learn that it did no good to think of whys and wherefores, only to plan to the best of his ability, and to respond to events as they arose. So he left the monitoring of the other Decepticons to Soundwave, focused on pestering Galvatron into fueling and repairs, and planned his next foray to Earth.

Optimus Prime’s energy signature was absent from Autobot City, and Cyclonus cruised southward, into the mountains, until he spotted Optimus making his way up a winding road through the peaks. He swooped in for a landing and Optimus sprang up, transforming, blaster already in hand. He

paused when he saw Cyclonus. "Did you need something?" he said.

"You were absent from Autobot City," said Cyclonus. "I came to find you."

"For what purpose?"

"The same purpose."

Optimus looked exasperated. "In case it wasn't obvious, I am a bit busy at the moment."

"What is occupying you?"

Optimus hesitated, his expression a touch mulish before he looked away. "I snapped at some of the recruits. Ultra Magnus suggested I go out for a few cycles. He indicated that I was 'operating at less than optimal levels' and could use a break away from the responsibilities of the base."

"You do not wish to rest?"

"I—" Optimus looked rueful. "It is...difficult, sometimes. The others...they were—they rose to the task of war, but they were not remade for it."

Understanding lit. As Galvatron had been by Unicron, Optimus Prime had been shaped by the Matrix for a particular purpose, a warbuild's frame and programming grafted onto an Autobot spark. "You require an outlet for excess energy, as we do. If you are not provided with an appropriate channel you may develop aggressive tendencies. Ultra Magnus is a wise and knowledgeable soldier to have made the suggestion that he did."

Optimus's brow ridges furrowed. "I am fine," he said, hedging. "And did you just compliment Ultra Magnus?"

"There is no shame in requiring release," said Cyclonus. "Come, show me your intended destination and I will assist you."

Optimus's optics went wide. "Hold it," he said. "Now I may have overstepped or given you the wrong impression with my, er, lesson, but it's not necessary to..." He looked about, a bit desperate. "Aren't you committed to Galvatron?"

"Lord Galvatron has never forbidden me from seeking partners elsewhere," said Cyclonus, ignoring the twinge of doubt in the back of his processor. "If you prefer, we can engage in physical violence to dispel the energy, but interface is the easiest and least damaging method. Since I require instruction, it would be the most mutually beneficial. Further..." He struggled, unable to articulate his thoughts precisely, how they tangled with his desire for Galvatron, a deep, strange yet soothing sense in his subroutines that if Cyclonus could provide solace to Optimus Prime on his lord's behalf, that Galvatron would be pleased. "I desire you," he said at last, the simplest way he could think to convey his wants. It was not even a lie, Optimus was a magnificent specimen, large and sleek and well-formed, and the thought of bringing him pleasure excited Cyclonus in a delightfully familiar way. "Please."

Optimus drew in a deep breath, looking hunted. "Very well," he said. "But not here. Let us go further up into the mountains, where we can have some privacy."

They left the paved road and wandered up into the black pines. Earth's sun was setting, deep purple inking its way across the sky above them and the stars winking into view. Optimus led them to a clearing, a jagged space cut by fallen trees and layered deep with pine needles. Awkward, he lowered himself to the ground and Cyclonus sat beside him.

Optimus withdrew his battlemask but made no move towards Cyclonus, shoulders hunched slightly, his optics fixed on the sky. Cyclonus cocked his head, watching him. It occurred to him he'd failed to ask a crucial question, one that could explain Optimus's reticence. "Do you not desire me?"

Optimus looked at him sidelong, his expression a bit guilty. "No, it is not that. You are beautiful. I only—it has been some time and I haven't, it has been some time."

"Your tryst with Lord Galvatron was not that long ago."

Optimus flinched, his expression haunted. "I am sorry."

"As long as Lord Galvatron wanted you in return there is nothing for which needs apologizing."

"I thought...I know that Galvatron is not Megatron, will never be Megatron again. I only...I appreciated him sharing himself with me, even if it was only an acknowledgement of a connection long dead."

Cyclonus reflected on the distant, longing looks that sometimes crossed Galvatron's face and thought that the connection might not be as dead as Optimus seemed to think. "I never knew Megatron," he said, slow. "So I cannot comment on the distinct difference between them. Bodies can be changed, as can programming, but sparks..." He rested a clawed hand on his own chassis, frowning. He had no knowledge or connection to the spark from which he was made and yet, sometimes, when he danced on the winds, he felt the echo of another's joy. "Sparks can only be created and destroyed. And Unicron cannot create."

Optimus offlined his optics in pain and greatly daring, Cyclonus reached out and ran a claw gently down the side of his face. Blue optics lit, and Optimus regarded him, solemn and sad.

"Teach me," Cyclonus requested, and kissed him.

Optimus melted against him and Cyclonus rolled over onto his back, coaxing Optimus up and over him and relishing the weight and mass of him. The bed of pine needles crunched and squeaked beneath them and Cyclonus indulged in a few moments of kissing, slick and pleasing, before nipping at Optimus's glossa. Optimus groaned. "Lessons," Cyclonus said, reminding him.

"Right, of course," said Optimus, panting. "You said your previous efforts went well, have you tried them in different positions?"

"What sort of positions?"

"If he is willing, you can ask Galvatron to kneel and brace himself on his arms," said Optimus, and while Cyclonus suspected such a position would be far too submissive for Galvatron's taste he could not help but moan at the thought of it, Galvatron's dorsal plating arched, thick thighs parted, his valve exposed and wet while Cyclonus licked or took him. Optimus laughed, "Like that idea, do you? The angle is marvelous for deep valve penetration. Or, if you are amenable, he seemed to prefer something more like this."

Pulling back, he shuffled up Cyclonus's body, carefully tugging Cyclonus's arms out of the way so that he could kneel above his shoulder guards. His thighs, thick and silver and supportive, framed Cyclonus's helm, interface hatch within easy reach of Cyclonus's mouth. "It can be a bit tiring but," he slid a hand beneath Cyclonus's helm to cradle his head, "that can be mitigated if your partner is helpful."

Cyclonus shivered and licked his mouth. The dominance of the position, the heavy grip on the back of his helm, sang to him and his valve clenched. "And Lord Galvatron...seemed to enjoy this?"

Optimus's optics twinkled as he peered down at him, "I heard no complaints. Granted it was a bit difficult to tell over all the gasping and moaning." His tone was teasing.

Cyclonus whimpered and his hands rose to clutch at Optimus's thighs. "Please," he said hoarsely, caught halfway between the fantasy of them together and the reality of Optimus's array so near to his mouth. "Please, let me serve you."

Optimus groaned, optics offlining, withdrew his interface hatch, and for the second time in less than a quarter vorn, Cyclonus managed to make a fool of himself.

He felt that he should have suspected, at least in some small way, what Optimus meant when he said that he understood Galvatron's situation better than most, but as he stared at the array above him, the thick folds, a trickle of lubricant oozing between them, the pulsing blue biolights that tipped each node, flashing with urgency, and the smooth, unmarked space above them where a spike would normally emerge, Cyclonus found himself flabbergasted and frozen.

Optimus's hand urged him upward and Cyclonus shunted conscious thought aside, hands tightening on Optimus's thighs as he bent to his task. It was foolish, nonsensical, but as he pushed his glossa deep into the valve and felt Optimus buck, a queer sense overwhelmed him, that he had made the right choice in coming here, that only this mechanism that had been Megatron's equal, that could be Lord Galvatron's equal, was deserving of his service, and his spark pulsed with joy of it.

Optimus moaned and ground against his face and Cyclonus pushed into him blindly, charge crackling across his glossa as Optimus's resistors fought the overload. Dazed, unthinking, his mouth thoroughly occupied but overcome with longing, Cyclonus pinged his commlink. "*Please,*" he said. "*Let go. Come into me. Let me give you release. Let me bring you ease.*"

Optimus cried out and hunched over him, valve drawing tight around Cyclonus's glossa and his overload discharged violently, shorting out sensors on Cyclonus's glossa and drenching his face with lubricant. Gasping, he lost his balance, releasing his grip on Cyclonus's helm and tipped forward, fists sinking into the groundcover. "Oh," he said. "Give me, give me a minute."

Cyclonus stroked Optimus's thighs as his systems cooled and reset. His own array had opened, a distant, tight pressure, that he barely noticed, fixated by the sight of Optimus's valve, so different from Galvatron's and yet just as strangely beautiful. He released Optimus's thigh and reached up to trace the exterior nodes, brushing against a large, brightly glowing one at the apex.

Optimus shuddered and lifted up, backing down Cyclonus's body and Cyclonus felt a moment of strange trepidation which warred with excitement at the thought of joining with him. But Optimus only reached down to fist his spike, and Cyclonus jerked and moaned, the sensory input from his array springing to the forefront of his processor, acute.

Optimus smiled and leaned down to kiss him on the helm, a strangely chaste gesture that tugged at Cyclonus's spark even as he writhed in Optimus's grip. "Thank you," Optimus said, simple and sincere, picking up the pace of his strokes. "For your generosity and attentiveness. You are close, aren't you?"

Cyclonus's vocalizer spat static and Optimus chuckled. "Don't worry about holding back, if you wish to overload, do so."

Cyclonus did not have it in him to disobey this command and he bucked, spilling transfluid over Optimus's fingers and across his abdominal plating. Optimus slowed his strokes and reached up to caress one of Cyclonus's horns with his free hand. "Much better," he said, still smiling as Cyclonus went limp beneath him. "Rest, collect yourself, and we shall see about sending you back to your

lord.”

Cyclonus made a noise of exhausted assent and his helm sank into the bed of pine needles as he drifted offline.

He woke as dawn was breaking and had to fight the urge to come up thrashing as confusion over his location swamped him. At last his higher processing functions caught up with his instincts and he blinked into the pale yellow sunlight coming over the peaks. He was bundled against Optimus Prime’s side, helm resting on the broad expanse of one shoulder guard. There was a layer of cold moisture coating them both. Optimus’s engine rumbled with contentment.

“I must go,” said Cyclonus aloud. He felt off-balance. He hadn’t intended to stay so long and his first thoughts were for Galvatron, that he might be missed, that Galvatron might have needed something in his absence.

Optimus drew in a deep, wakeful breath. “Of course,” he said, and sat up, shifting Cyclonus into a seated position with an ease that spoke of immense, attractive strength. Cyclonus struggled to his feet, plates clacking as they settled back into their proper orientation. “Wait a moment,” Optimus said and Cyclonus paused in the act of launching. Optimus produced two energon cubes from his subspace and offered them. “Here, for the journey and for—anyway, just please take them?”

Cyclonus could have mentioned that they were no longer starving, fed on energy converted from good hydrocarbon fuel from this very solar system, but he understood Optimus’s meaning, and so he took them. “Thank you.”

Optimus smiled at him once more, “Good luck.”

Cyclonus hesitated a moment. “You have my commlink code,” he said at last. “Should you find yourself in need again, contact me. I may not come at once, but I will come.”

Optimus’s optics went wide. “That’s not necessary,” he said, voice thick with concern. “I couldn’t... use you for such a purpose. It would not be right.”

“It is not use if one is willing,” said Cyclonus. “And...surely you have more to teach me. Think of it as an exchange, if you wish.”

“I—” Optimus looked away. “Return to Galvatron. I will...think on your offer.”

Cyclonus bowed and launched.

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Notes

Busy as hell with work but here's the next chapter. A small peek into Decepticon domestic life. Galvatron has good days and bad days. Cyclonus tries to cope with those slippery and treacherous things called "feelings". Optimus is embarrassed by how much he worries.

Thanks for the patience and I'm glad everyone's enjoy this. Happy reading. :3

Galvatron was not among the scattered association of Decepticons and Cyclonus skimmed over the surface of the moon, casting his scanners out in wide, sweeping arcs. At last he spotted Galvatron, hunched on the overhang of a cliff above one of the hydrocarbon lakes, optics fixed on the undulating liquid.

Cyclonus landed a short distance away and transformed. "My lord," he said, approaching slowly. "Are you well?"

Galvatron did not look up, but he laughed, harsh. "What is well?" he said. A small handful of sparks crackled along the surface of his helm before dissipating and Cyclonus's own spark twisted within him. A bad cycle then, just as there were good ones.

Cyclonus lowered himself to the ground to present a less threatening figure and shuffled closer on his knees. "Have you recharged, my lord?"

"No."

"When have you last fueled?"

"It does not matter."

"Respectfully, my lord," said Cyclonus. "It does." Cautiously, he removed the spare cube of energon from his subspace and held it out.

Galvatron lifted his gaze from the waves and stared dully at the cube. "I do not want it."

Cyclonus continued to hold it out, beseeching, "A sip only."

Galvatron scowled but Cyclonus held firm, his posture steady but unchallenging. Galvatron grumbled and snatched the cube from him, cracking a corner and taking a small sip. He paused, "This is different from the camp stores. More of your strange little gifts, Cyclonus? Where are you getting them from?"

"A...trusted source," said Cyclonus.

Galvatron cocked his helm at him, processor working and winced as another small spark leapt across his helm. "Keep too many secrets and you'll turn into Soundwave."

"Preferably not, my lord," said Cyclonus dryly, and his spark lifted as Galvatron took another draft



of fuel.

The cube was not large, but this was likely fortunate, as Galvatron finished it in a few swallows and dispersed it. “There,” he said. “Now you may cease sounding like a squeaky gear.”

“You require recharge, my lord.”

“There is time for that later.”

“This is an ideal time,” said Cyclonus. “We are isolated from threats or inclement weather. I will stand guard. Please, my lord.”

Galvatron groaned and his helm sank into his hands. “Why can you not simply leave me alone?”

Cyclonus’s breath caught and his spark twisted. “I—” he said. “I...will do so if you command me, Lord Galvatron.” A sense-echo, the twisted surface of Torkulon, Galvatron begging for him to return, “But never...” His hands clenched and he hunched, miserable. “Not willingly, not again.”

Galvatron lifted his head to stare at him and Cyclonus wondered if he would be mocked for his weakness, but he held out his hands. “Please, Lord Galvatron. I will watch your sleep.”

Several long moments passed but at last Galvatron shifted closer, sitting beside Cyclonus and, after a moment of hesitation, leaning up against him. Greatly daring, Cyclonus coaxed Galvatron down to rest his head in his lap. He thought of Optimus, the tender caresses, and stroked the protrusions of Galvatron’s crown.

“A squeaky gear,” said Galvatron, and then he slept.

Cyclonus was half-dozing, bent over Galvatron’s head, when Galvatron shifted in his lap, optics blinking on. “You smell good,” he mumbled.

“Hm?” said Cyclonus, refocusing his optics.

Galvatron stared up at him, his expression thoughtful. “Very good,” he said, reaching up to tug Cyclonus’s face against his own. The position made Cyclonus’s spinal column protest at the stretch, but he ignored it as Galvatron rubbed his nasal ridge against Cyclonus’s cheeks, drawing in deep drafts of the dense nitrogen air. Galvatron growled and his field spiked with arousal. “Enough recharge, I want you.”

Cyclonus’s interface array was open before he’d fully processed the order, “How do you want me, my lord?”

“In me,” said Galvatron, sitting up and grasping Cyclonus’s shoulder guards as he straddled him. His array was open and he ground against Cyclonus, leaving streaks of lubricant on his abdominal plating as he leaned in and licked Cyclonus’s face. “Now.”

Cyclonus obeyed and Galvatron’s back bowed as he pushed inside, hissing at the stretch as he mouthed and bit at Cyclonus’s throat. He set a brutal pace, clawing at Cyclonus’s dorsal plating to brace himself and thrusting until at last he went rigid, valve clamping down around Cyclonus as he overloaded. Panting, he rested his helm against Cyclonus’s shoulder. “Again,” he said. “Again.”

“How?” said Cyclonus.

Galvatron groaned in frustration, “I don’t know.”

“Will you let me try something, my lord?”

“Anything, anything, just—” Galvatron growled and ground down against him again.

Cyclonus hesitated before hardening his resolve. He urged Galvatron up gently and Galvatron let himself be guided, down on his hands and knees. Cyclonus stroked his dorsal plating, caressed his thighs and spread his valve open, admiring the pulse of the purple biolights within before burying his mouth against it. Galvatron howled and shoved back against him, knocking hard into Cyclonus’s helm and he nearly lost his grip. Clinging, his spark pulsing in excitement at Galvatron’s response, he pushed his glossa inside and felt Galvatron’s valve contract around it, still slick and loose from his earlier overload.

“Frag me,” Galvatron spat.

Thrown, Cyclonus scrambled to comply, mounting Galvatron, struggling for a grip on his thighs as he bent low over him. “Like this, my lord?”

“Now!”

Cyclonus shoved into him and Galvatron growled and bucked as he rode him, grinding back to meet Cyclonus’s thrusts. The novel position opened Galvatron’s valve further and Cyclonus found himself rising up on his knees, bearing down with his weight harder than he would have dared as he thrust, charge sparking across his spike as he ground against deeply buried nodes.

“More,” panted Galvatron, clawing the ground. “Harder!”

Cyclonus obeyed, clutching them back-to-belly, forcing Galvatron’s head downwards in a way he was sure that his lord would protest but Galvatron only ground back against him, bit down on his own wrist, and overloaded once more, his valve a slick vise. Cyclonus slowed, panting, his face pressed to Galvatron’s dorsal plating. His spike ached, desperate for overload but he hung on, waiting...

“Do it,” said Galvatron hoarsely, and clenched tight around him.

Cyclonus muffled his cry into Galvatron’s back, unable to even thrust before he was spilling. Static whined in his audio sensors and he shook, his knees giving out. He sank down, slipping out of Galvatron, dazed and overwhelmed.

Galvatron remained where he was, face buried against his forearm guards, his thighs parted. Transfluid trickled from his valve and his arms shook, a nearly imperceptible tremor.

“You are a good soldier, Cyclonus,” he said, a gruff whisper nearly lost in the thick atmosphere. “I should...” He drew a deep, shuddering breath and his voice steadied. “Better to focus on the present than get lost in the threads of the past.”

Cyclonus rested his helm against Galvatron’s hip and stroked his thigh, his spark twisting, full of words he did not know how to say, words that might not be welcomed, “Thank you, Lord Galvatron.”

Hunting was art as much as instinct and so Cyclonus did not contact Optimus Prime. He kept his focus on Galvatron and on making encouraging suggestions for the development of a more

permanent shelter. The Constructicons leapt at the opportunity and within cycles a rough structure of stone began to take shape, a low citadel on the shores of a shallow hydrocarbon sea. Bored of lying about on beaches of ice and rock, the other Decepticons swarmed onto the project, relishing the chance to expend their energy splitting and hauling blocks. Most immediately regretted the decision as soon as they discovered firsthand what a stringent taskmaster Scrapper could be, but it was far too late. Cyclonus took particular pleasure in tracking down those who decided they needed a vacation on the moon's far side and hauling them back.

He was stomping back into the construction site, Runamuck scruffed in his grip, when Cyclonus's commlink pinged. He paused, pitched the hapless Runamuck at Scrapper's feet and headed back the way he had come, attempting to look casual and not as though he were putting the requisite number of mechanometers between himself and Soundwave.

*"Optimus Prime?"* he said.

A long, almost embarrassed silence. *"Is this a bad time?"*

*"Not at all."* Between the construction and Galvatron taking off on a brief foray with Scourge to scout some of the more distant planets in this star system, it was doubtful anyone would notice Cyclonus's brief absence.

*"Are you well?"* said Optimus. *"Is—is everything well?"*

*"Lord Galvatron is fine,"* said Cyclonus. *"As fine as he ever is, but focused and physically optimal."*

*"That is..."* Optimus sounded discomfited to be caught. *"That is...good to know, thank you."*

*"Do you require release?"*

Optimus cleared his intakes, *"I told you that it wasn't necessary."*

*"And yet you contacted me."*

Silence.

*"So you do require service."*

*"I require nothing,"* said Optimus, sounding a bit peevish. *"I am possessed of two working hands. I only—the intimacy is enjoyable."*

*"You misunderstand,"* said Cyclonus. *"I would have expected a commander such as yourself to possess a confidant for such things, but regardless, it is a pleasure to provide you release, not a trial."*

*"Well,"* said Optimus, his voice wry and a little tight. *"Ultra Magnus might have something to say about your suitability as such. And there are fewer opportunities for such than you might think for one such as myself."*

Cyclonus could not fathom how such a thing could be possible, but he remembered the narrow berth and the subdued mannerisms and did not question. *"I suggested the arrangement as one of mutual benefit, do you not find it to be so?"*

*"I'm contacting you, aren't I?"*

*"Then I shall come to meet you."*

Cyclonus tracked Optimus's signal to the shores of a glacial lake. Optimus was seated half-reclining, his fingers sunk into the soft sand, three energon cubes beside him. He looked up when Cyclonus coasted in over the surface of the water and transformed to land, but did not draw his weapon. "Welcome," he said, indicating the cubes.

*Cyclonus took one and subspaced it, before sitting down beside Optimus and reaching for another. They drank in silence, watching the play of the light off the surface of the crystal clear lake.*

*"It occurs to me," said Optimus, busying himself with his cube. "That I did not ask you specifics about what you desired to learn from me. Is there anything in particular you want?"*

*"Anything which would please Lord Galvatron," said Cyclonus. He hesitated. It was a secret, cherished fantasy of his to submit to Galvatron's penetration as he might if his lord possessed a full complement interfacing array but that was likely well beyond Optimus Prime's powers. "I would like...I prefer to submit to Lord Galvatron, but it is...difficult sometimes."*

*Optimus cocked his head at him and dispersed his cube, "Is that all you wish? Surely you do not require my assistance for that."*

*"I would..." Cyclonus tried to articulate his thoughts. "I desire alternatives to penetration," he said at last.*

*Optimus raised a brow ridge, "Well, that is easy enough. I'd say you're rather proficient with your mouth, have the two of you indulged with your valve?"*

*"My valve?" Cyclonus had not given the structure much thought. In fact he typically avoided bringing attention to it for fear of making Galvatron uncomfortable. "Not as such," he hedged.*

*Optimus shrugged. "Mechanisms have different preferences, but valve stimulation can be very pleasant indeed. Here," he stretched out on the sand, "lie beside me, helm towards my feet."*

*Cyclonus did so and Optimus reached out and tugged him closer, bringing Cyclonus's pelvic array in proximity to his face. "This can be done stretched out on top of one another, but this position is easier to maintain, good for a pleasant, leisurely session." He laughed softly to himself and stroked Cyclonus's interface hatch. "I'm not sure if Galvatron does 'leisurely'."*

*Cyclonus shivered. "Sometimes," he said.*

*Optimus hummed in pleasure and stroked his thigh soothingly. "Open up, but keep your spike retracted," he said. "Ah, yes, like that." A heavy thumb rubbed across the edges of Cyclonus's valve, brushing against the apical nodes, and he twitched, gripping convulsively at Optimus's greaves. "Easy," Optimus rumbled, tracing down the edges and tugging with his thumbs to part it. "Beautiful, and you're already wet." Leaning in close, Optimus vented warm air across his valve and Cyclonus gasped. Optimus chuckled and pressed a kiss to the opening, deep and wet, and brought his glossa into play.*

*Cyclonus's world inverted and he muffled a cry into Optimus's thigh. He'd known of course, in an intellectual way, how good it must feel, had seen and felt Galvatron come apart beneath him, but it was one thing to feel the exquisite gratification of knowing that he brought his master pleasure and another to have Optimus Prime flick his glossa across his valve and ramp his charge with devastating skill. His processor spun and he struggled, reaching for something familiar to ground*

himself. He craved the deep, programmed satisfaction of his coding, which could only be achieved with reciprocation.

“Please,” he gasped, pressing his face against Optimus’s interface hatch, words failing him.  
“Please.”

Optimus cursed breathlessly against his valve and the hatch slid back. Cyclonus buried his mouth against Optimus’s valve, lapping desperately. It was not easy to push his glossa inside from this angle, so he focused on sucking on the anterior nodes, claws etching furrows into the paint on Optimus’s thighs. Optimus groaned and rolled them, positioning himself on top and bearing down as he rubbed his face against Cyclonus’s valve. The shift dislodged Cyclonus from his position, lubricant smearing across his cheek as he slipped down. His breath sounded too loud in his audio sensors and he ached to be penetrated as he never had before. His feet dug into the sand beneath them.

“I want—” he said and it screeched discordantly against his coding but slag and sparks he wanted.

Optimus eased back, slowing his licks, “Tell me.”

“I want—” he ground his dental plating in frustration. He wanted to open, to receive, to be conquered, split and filled until he was overflowing but Optimus lacked the equipment, just as Galvatron did. “I want you...over me,” he said, despairing of his coherence. “I want you over me, but you do not—”

Optimus laughed and pressed a hard kiss against his valve that made Cyclonus buck. “Calm yourself. You asked to be taught. I assure you we can improvise.” His voice was thick with innuendo.

He moved off Cyclonus and reoriented them and Cyclonus tried to focus his burning processor, panting as he stared up Optimus, looming over him. Optimus dropped a kiss on one of Cyclonus’s parted thighs before hiking them up to frame his pelvic span. Cyclonus had just a moment to wonder at his intentions before Optimus pushed down against him, dragging his valve, thick and slick with lubricant, biolights flashing a riot of color, against Cyclonus’s own.

Cyclonus let out a choked noise, the sensors in his valve going haywire. Optimus hiked his hips back, adjusted the angle, and then he was thrusting, grinding his valve against Cyclonus’s, raising sparks as charge leapt between them through conductive fluid. Cyclonus gasped and clawed at Optimus, clutching his shoulder guards because yes this was what he craved, the pressure on his valve, the grip of a warm body between his thighs, the feel of being so helplessly exposed and open. His valve cycled down hard, reaching to grip a spike that wasn’t there.

“I can imagine how magnificent Galvatron must look riding your spike,” Optimus leaned down to murmur in his audio sensor, grinding his valve down so hard that Cyclonus cried out. “But I can assure you that he looks, will look, just as beautiful like this.”

Cyclonus couldn’t hold back if he’d wanted. He clutched at Optimus and Optimus kissed him hard as his resistors tripped, overload rippling up and outward, his valve clenching over and over while Optimus thrust again and again until at last he groaned, his own valve sparking almost painfully against the oversensitive nodes of Cyclonus’s. He sagged over Cyclonus and Cyclonus reached up, stroking along his antennae.

Optimus made a low, appreciative noise and turned into the touch. “Your responses are marvelous.” He squeezed Cyclonus’s thighs before lowering them to rest on the ground and sitting back on his knees. “I’d like nothing more than to keep you on your back for megacycles, wet and

*open and helpless, see how many overloads I can wring out of you.”*

*Cyclonus’s valve clenched in response and he groaned. “Perhaps, perhaps one day,” he managed, batting down the part of his processor that wanted to tug Optimus down atop him once more and beg him to do just that. “For now I should return. But first,” his struts were molten metal, floppy and unreliable as he struggled to his feet and held out a hand to Optimus, “cleaning.”*

*Optimus raised an orbital ridge but reached out and took his hand. Cyclonus tugged them down to the lakeside. The water hissed and spat, clouds of steam rising off them as they waded in, and Cyclonus stepped closer, bold, reaching between Optimus’s legs to clean away the evidence of their coupling.*

*Optimus groaned, hunching as Cyclonus toyed with his valve nodes. Cyclonus smirked and withdrew his hand. “Cleaning,” he said, voice and expression neutral, and tapped Optimus on the shoulder guard. “Kneel down, please.”*

*Optimus cocked his head at him but complied, sinking down into the water at Cyclonus’s feet. Cyclonus splashed water across his plating, dislodging dust and sand collected by their activities, and Optimus hummed in pleasure. He chuckled to himself and glanced up at Cyclonus. “You know, Megatron spent eons trying to bring me to my knees. I don’t think it ever occurred to him to simply ask.” He lifted his hands and rested them briefly on Cyclonus’s thighs, “Anything else you want to ask for while I’m down here?” His tone was unmistakable.*

*Cyclonus stiffened, a dark shadow of memory flashing across his processor, a distant glimpse, two figures entwined, Scavenger on his knees, making choked, helpless sounds as Hook forced him down. He would have knelt in a sparkpulse if Galvatron desired such a thing from him, but his very spark rebelled at the thought of doing it to another. It was one thing to penetrate, to offer up his current to induce overload, but something else to presume, to demand one-sided service. “No,” he said, gruff and sharp.*

*Optimus looked up at him, startled, but withdrew his hands. “My apologies. I did not mean to overstep.”*

*Cyclonus’s mouth tightened. “No matter,” he said, and bent back to his task, scrubbing roughly at Optimus’s plating. Slow smoldering anger twisted in him, not anger at Optimus, but at himself, that he had wondered, however briefly, how it might feel to have Optimus’s—Galvatron’s, a treacherous thought intruded—mouth on his spike. Whether it might be as wonderfully tight and wet as a valve, what it might be like to push inside, a clever glossa mapping the nodes and ridges of his shaft. He shunted the thoughts away and tapped Optimus on the shoulder guard, indicating that he should rise.*

*Optimus sloshed to his feet, water sheeting off him. Lifting a wet hand, he reached out and gently wiped at the drying lubricant on Cyclonus’s face. “May I?”*

*“Yes.” Cyclonus offlined his optics, trying to quiet the whirl of his thoughts as Optimus washed his face with care, removing all traces of his lubricant.*

*“There,” Optimus rested a hand against Cyclonus’s cheek, and Cyclonus online his optics, “the consummate—and immaculate—warrior once more.”*

*Cyclonus’s field spiked in startled pleasure. “You have seen little of my skill in battle.” The time of his illness was a haze of energon and pain but he remembered Optimus vaguely, Primus’s soldier reawakened; the eldritch, holy light, burning Cyclonus clean of the hated contagion that had turned him against Galvatron. Strange indeed to realize that he had been so intimate with this relic of*

*history, and stranger still that he had offered his services to Primus and Unicron's avatars both.*

*Optimus smiled at him, wry. "It is the duty of any commander worth his oil to recognize ability when he sees it." He inclined his head. "Thank you for your service, and your kindness."*

*Cyclonus had been called many things, mostly by fleeing organic aliens or disgruntled Decepticons, but "kind" was not one of them. He shifted in discomfort. "It is nothing," he said. He considered telling Optimus that he owed him a debt of gratitude for returning Cyclonus to his lord's side with minimal damage, but he found himself reluctant to reduce this...whatever this was, to a mere transaction. "I should go."*

*Optimus nodded, "I wish you well."*

*Cyclonus allowed the heady rush of flight to wipe out strange, uneasy ache in his spark.*

## Chapter 4

### Chapter Notes

Hello again, readers. I've been crazy busy with work and chipping at other fics, so I appreciate your patience and the response. It's good to know that people are enjoying this. :3 It's turned out a bit longer than I originally envisioned it, but I've been having a great time exploring the various relationship dynamics, particularly Galvatron and Cyclonus. So you get more domestic Decepticons, explorations of Optimus and Galvatron's psyches, and a Cyclonus who is smitten by the strangest things. Enjoy and thank you once again for reading.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Even on a peaceful, uninhabited moon, Galvatron did not seek recharge in the same place twice, but Cyclonus was well-practiced in searching out his foxholes. Galvatron's field was cautiously welcoming and Cyclonus burrowed down next to him in the shallow depression near some crumbling ice cliffs. Their engines were enough to keep the ambient chill at bay and Cyclonus relished the quiet and the privacy. Galvatron had shifted from cycles of restless wakefulness to deep, corpselike recharge, a sign that he had managed to overclock his processor, and Cyclonus stayed near to attend him, coaxing energon into him, ensuring the other Decepticons stayed clear of the area, and—after a tentative test to ensure it wouldn't result in dismemberment—curling his body loosely around Galvatron's to assist with temperature regulation.

He refused to call it cuddling. Galvatron did not cuddle.

His commlink pinged. Optimus Prime.

Cyclonus did not online his optics. *"I cannot attend you."*

*"That is fine,"* said Optimus. *"I didn't really—how are you?"*

Cyclonus hesitated. Galvatron would tear his head off were Cyclonus to make him appear weak before an enemy—though had Optimus ever been only that?—but his instinct told him all would be well. *"I am fine. Lord Galvatron is recovering."*

*"Recovering?"* Optimus's voice pitched in alarm. *"Was he injured? Was there an attack?"*

*"Negative. Lack of recharge and an overstrained processor. If prior episodes are indicative, he will wake once his processor is able to complete a full defragmentation cycle. For now, rest and fuel are all that are needed."*

*"Do you have access to energon?"*

*"Affirmative."*

*"I am glad you are with him."*

It seemed a strange statement but Cyclonus put it off as Autobot sentiment. *"It is my duty."*

*"Only that?"*



“I—” Cyclonus’s spark turned in his chest. “No.”

Optimus made a low, pleased sound. *“Do you require anything?”*

Cyclonus was bored out of his cranial module but it felt disloyal to admit such a thing. Galvatron was warm and the harmonics of his field were pleasing, but there was only so long Cyclonus’s processor could stay cycled down in light, watchful recharge. *“The talking is pleasant,”* he said slowly.

*“What do you wish to talk about?”*

Lacking any education in the art of conversation, Cyclonus defaulted to the only question he could think to safely ask a mechanism so much older than he, *“Tell me about where you come from.”*

Optimus let out a little noise of surprise. *“Before I was Optimus, you mean? There isn’t much to tell. I was a dockworker on Cybertron, during the Golden Age. I was mortally wounded in a Decepticon raid and rebuilt into the mechanism you know now.”*

Cyclonus frowned, *“A Decepticon raid?”*

Optimus went quiet. *“Megatron and I,”* he said at last, *“have known each other for a very long time.”*

*“He killed you.”*

*“He did.”*

*“You must have hated him.”*

*“For his crimes? For his cruelty? Perhaps. For his destruction of Orion...”* Optimus sighed. *“It is difficult to say. As Orion Pax I would have lived and died an ordinary mechanism and that is not a terrible fate...but I cannot garner as much hatred as perhaps is warranted for the one that turned me from it.”*

*“You do not miss your ordinary life?”*

*“When I look at it through the lens of nostalgia, remember rising early, the dawn light turning the polluted river iridescent and the morning fog dampening the smell, working with my companions, the songs we sang, the gatherings at shifts end, the drinking and the laughter, perhaps so. But if I compare them honestly I know I only traded the pain of overwork and menial despair for the pain of battle wounds and responsibility. And pain is pain. So better the pain of a life well-lived, the pain that comes from being the master of your fate.”*

Cyclonus reflected on this. *“Yet it seems that your fate has been shaped by others: Megatron, those who rebuilt you, those who resurrected you.”*

Silence. One of Cyclonus’s tensor cables cramped and he shifted to ease it.

*“Then from my current vantage point, maybe I shouldn’t have gotten out of bed that morning.”*

*“I meant no offense.”*

*“And there was none taken,”* said Optimus, weary. *“It is only a humbling experience to realize that one has had less control over one’s destiny than Hot Rod has.”* He sighed. *“Perhaps it would have been better if releasing the energy of the Matrix had ended me.”*

*“Your new life does not bring you happiness?”*

*"I died in battle," said Optimus quietly. "An honorable death. Would you not prefer that to some endless, pointless...lingering?"* There was an edge of challenge in his voice.

Cyclonus mulled this over. Across the commlink he heard Optimus shift, letting out a great huffing sigh. *"It would be the greatest honor to fall protecting Lord Galvatron in battle,"* Cyclonus said at last. *"It is my life's purpose and pleasure to serve him."* He rolled the words over in his mind, *"But Lord Galvatron is also terrible at remembering to refuel himself and get adequate recharge. So all things considered, I would prefer to remain living, as I doubt my honor is capable of such corporal tasks without me."*

Optimus laughed, startled, deep, uncontrolled, ringing laughter that sent a frisson of pleasure through Cyclonus's neural net. *"Well-stated,"* Optimus said when he had managed to bring himself under control, still chuckling. *"I suppose that death does put a crimp in one's ability to care for loved ones."* He let out a rueful, amused snort. *"You are fortunate then, to have such a one."*

*"You have none?"*

*"No,"* said Optimus. *"When I was young, very young, there was one the mechanism I was then would have been happy to tie himself to, but not for eons. During the war, there were my soldiers, but that is different, and ended. They do not need me any longer. Sometimes, when it was dark and I was far too tired, I would wonder—but it does not matter."*

Cyclonus wisely decided to drop the matter. Faint static crackled across the lines and beneath it he could hear the deep, steady sounds of Optimus's ventilations. *"You spoke of songs,"* he said.

*"Common songs,"* said Optimus, dismissive. *"Work songs. To keep the beat and raise the spark."*

*"You call them common but I have never heard one."*

Optimus cleared his intake. *"I am not particularly gifted vocally."*

*"Then it is fortunate,"* said Cyclonus. *"That I have no basis for comparison."*

Optimus snorted softly in amusement. Silence over the commlines and then, a deep, melodic rumble:

*Call all hands to man the capstan  
See the cable run down clear.  
Heave away and with a will, love  
Watch the rising moon appear.*

A shiver rippled across Cyclonus's neural net. Not the uneasy shiver of half-remembrance but one of strange, instinctual joy. He could picture them, the dockworkers, hear them grunt and strain as one to move the barges and bales on that distant, never-seen river. His spark whirled and pulsed in time with the rhythm and he did not need to be told that this, this was *music*.

*Many thousand meters behind us  
Many thousand meters before  
Ancient river have to bring us  
To some bright and distant shore.*

*And the wild bores cleft behind us  
Seem to murmur as they flow  
There are loving sparks that wait you  
In the land to which you go.*

*And we'll sing in joyful chorus  
In the watches of the night  
And we'll sight that shore beloved  
When the grey dawn brings the light.*

Optimus's voice trailed off. Cyclonus trembled and curled tighter around Galvatron, who stirred and murmured but did not wake. Cyclonus's very frame tingled and his spark ached. *"Thank you,"* he said, when he could speak again.

*"Good to know you enjoy my singing more than Dion did,"* said Optimus, his voice wry but gentle.

*"Are there others?"* said Cyclonus. *"More songs?"*

*"Many,"* said Optimus. *"The life of a dockworker was a dull one."*

*"Teach me?"*

*"As you wish."*

Cyclonus held tight to his lord and let the sound of Optimus's voice carry him away.

Cyclonus watched as Galvatron examined the walls of the stone citadel and hummed in approval. "This was well done," he said.

Scrapper puffed with pride. "Thank you, Lord Galvatron. There's good materials to be had here, even if the help are all layabouts." At his side, Mixmaster huffed his displeasure and Scrapper kicked him, none-too-discretely. "She's big enough for all, plus a little growing room should you be inclined to go recruiting again."

Galvatron frowned. "That is not your concern."

Scrapper coughed and glanced aside, "Of course not, Lord Galvatron. It's only..."

Galvatron rounded on him, optics blazing, "Only what?"

Scrapper quailed but held firm, "It's only that we've got a lot of mechs here wondering what our next plan of action is. We've got resources here and land, we could whip up a tidy export business. Wouldn't even have to worry about cutting into the energon, if we sent up a few satellites for solar collection." He waved in the direction of the glowing yellow star above them, its light muffled by the clouds of hydrocarbon vapor.

Galvatron stiffened and Cyclonus could nearly see his processor working frantically. His tanks turned. "Perhaps a suitable plan for downtime," Cyclonus blurted out, and they turned to look at him, "provided the troops keep themselves fit and in condition to march at any time Lord Galvatron deems suitable."

Galvatron's jaw worked. "Yes," he bit out. "Set up shop if you wish, only be ready at my command."

Scrapper looked relieved, "Of course, Lord Galvatron." He bowed and indicated the citadel. "Feel free to explore, she's safe and solid as a rock. We can move in anytime."

Cyclonus followed Galvatron as he stalked through the winding corridors seeking, Cyclonus hoped,

some quarters he deemed suitable. The interior of the citadel was somewhat claustrophobic from the thick stone walls, but Cyclonus had resigned himself to such in the name of the safety such a structure could offer.

Galvatron paused at one of the doors, built from leftover scrap, on the upper levels of the citadel. He frowned and hauled it open.

The interior was Spartan, even the Constructicons could only do so much with ice and rock, but there was a wide shelf carved out, clearly intended to be used as a berth, and a narrow window for light and air. "Do you find it acceptable, Lord Galvatron?" said Cyclonus.

Galvatron eyed the space. "It will do," he said. "Come inside." And some part of Cyclonus relaxed at the realization that Galvatron intended them to share quarters. Of course they had always recharged next to one another during their travels, but the thought that they would possess a space to call their own overwhelmed Cyclonus even as it filled him with strange joy. He found himself clutching at the lintel, wavering on the threshold.

Galvatron looked at him, "Well? What is your malfunction?"

"I..." Cyclonus looked away. "I am grateful, Lord Galvatron, that you should offer this but...do you not desire a space of your own?"

The scuff of metal on stone as Galvatron approached him and then the firm press of fingers beneath his chin, tilting his head until his optics met Galvatron's. "It is well of you to think of it," said Galvatron, fingers stroking along Cyclonus's face. "But your place is at my side."

Galvatron kissed him hard and Cyclonus's head spun. The world lurched and Cyclonus yelped as Galvatron hefted him into his arms and bore him into the room. He deposited Cyclonus on the berth and returned to jam the door closed. Cyclonus opened his arms to welcome him, relishing in the feeling of all that mass and strength pressing down on him. Galvatron growled in pleasure and mouthed at his throat. Cyclonus moaned and spread his legs, feeling his valve clench and begin to lubricate.

Galvatron chuckled, "It sounds as though I have allowed you to go too long without a reminder that you are mine." He ran a possessive hand down Cyclonus's leg to tease the knee joint. "For you to question your place beside me."

Cyclonus bit back a whimper and Galvatron smiled. "Shall I ride you, order you to keep from climaxing while I pleasure myself with your body?"

The thought was quite appealing, but Cyclonus's valve fairly ached for attention. Perhaps now was the time. Swallowing, Cyclonus nuzzled against Galvatron's cheek. "My lord," he said. "My body is yours to do with as you will, as it has always been. But if it pleases you, there is something I would like very much to try."

"Oh?" said Galvatron. "How novel. Tell me, my beloved servant, do you have some new fantasy you wish me to indulge?"

Cyclonus shivered at the frisson of pleasure that always streaked across his neural net when Galvatron called him thus, "A foolish fantasy, my lord."

"Tell me. I will decide if it is foolish or not."

Cyclonus drew in a deep breath and allowed himself to relax, his processor to slip into the warm, calm state it craved, supported by Galvatron's will, the knowledge that his lord would permit or deny

him but that mattered not. His only task was to be honest—a discordant note twanged in the back of his processor and he shunted aside the image of warm, blue optics—and give himself over.

“Sometimes, when I am alone and have nothing to focus upon, I ache for the impossible. To have you over me, in me.”

Galvatron shifted. “I see,” he said, voice unreadable but not angry. “Go on.”

Cyclonus dared to withdraw the hatch above his valve. He could feel the lubricant beginning to drip down the folds. “I feel empty, my lord. I long for it, for you to split me open.”

Galvatron growled, “Do you do this to taunt me?”

“No, my lord. I told you it was a foolish fantasy.”

“Not so foolish,” said Galvatron. His hands tightened around Cyclonus’s thighs and his own bared interface hatch dragged across Cyclonus’s ventral plating, leaving smears of lubricant. “Merely too late.”

Cyclonus tilted his pelvic span up, “Please, my lord. Indulge me, let me imagine for a few moments.”

“Imagine like this?” said Galvatron and Cyclonus hissed as his interface array, hot and sparking with charge, pressed against Cyclonus’s own. “Interesting that you should think of this little trick, pleasure and torment for us both.” He shifted back and rubbed his valve across Cyclonus’s, setting a brisk, rocking pace.

“Is this what you long for?” growled Galvatron in his audio sensor. “I remember having a *spike*,” he spat the word violently and Cyclonus whined, his valve clenching on nothing. “It would have made you scream, made you beg.”

“Please, Lord Galvatron.”

“Did you imagine it?” said Galvatron, his rhythm growing more discordant. “Did you? Tell me!”

Cyclonus’s head spun, “My lord, I—”

“Did you fantasize about me subduing you on the battlefield, splitting you open in full sight of all your troops, making you writhe? All of them seeing you open and helpless? Tell me, P—”

Galvatron broke off and wrenched away from him, leaving Cyclonus trembling and on the edge of overload. Cyclonus struggled up on his elbows.

Galvatron was rigid, back to Cyclonus. His hands clutched at his helm, fingers between the protrusions of his crown. He was shaking. Beneath the sound of his own, harsh breaths Cyclonus could hear Galvatron muttering to himself, a mantra.

“No,” Galvatron said quietly. “No, no, no, no, no...”

Cyclonus’s spark twisted in alarm. “My lord?”

“Not him,” said Galvatron, and metal scraped and squealed as the metal beneath his fingers began to dent. “Not him.”

Cyclonus crawled across the berth and reached out, hesitant to touch. “My lord, are you alright?”

Galvatron curled on himself, “Not him.”

“My lord, what do you mean?” Suspicion and instinct tugged at him. “Do you speak of Optimus Prime?”

Galvatron flinched and Cyclonus rested a hand on his shivering side, “Do you speak of Meg—”

“Don’t!”

Cyclonus recoiled as Galvatron shot up, bowling him over and pinning him to the berth. Galvatron’s optics blazed crimson fire. “Do not speak of things you do not understand!” he snarled.

Cyclonus clutched at Galvatron’s forearms and tried to quiet himself, to remain calm. “I do understand, my lord.” He knew too well how loathe Galvatron was to acknowledge the specifics but his spark ached. “I was created, just as you were.”

“You are not poisoned by *memories*, worthless slag of a former life that is not yours!”

Cyclonus hesitated. “I do understand, my lord,” he said at last, firm. “They are fainter perhaps, but I can hear the echo, if I listen hard enough.”

Galvatron’s optics widened and he released Cyclonus’s wrists, pulling back, optics fixed on him. “You remember?”

“Sometimes,” hedged Cyclonus. “And those that come are not all bad. I merely accept them as a part of me, not to be fought but to be integrated. They are part of who I am.”

“Integrated,” muttered Galvatron. He shook his head and laughed bitterly. “That would require some measure of surrender. And I know the mechanism who donated his spark to me well enough to realize that will never be an option.”

Cyclonus reached for him, “Surrender and acceptance are not one and the same, Lord Galvatron.”

Galvatron’s expression twisted and he offlined his optics, a hand squeezing around Cyclonus’s wrist. “Frag me hard,” he said. “Make me forget.”

Cyclonus kissed him and obeyed.

## Chapter End Notes

Just in case anyone was curious, Optimus's song is [adapted from a sea shanty](#).

## Chapter 5

### Chapter Notes

Happy Easter, gentle readers! Presuming of course that you celebrate Easter. Many apologies for the long delay, work and other projects have waylaid me, but I finally managed to get the next chapter of this beast out. In this chapter, insecurities are addressed and new avenues are explored ~~by which I mean Cyclonus gets his spike sucked for like 8 pages ID~~. I'm grateful beyond words that people have been enjoying this little romp. Happy reading!

The too-bright mountain sun flashed on the deep red of Optimus's plating, clean and, Cyclonus was strangely pleased to see, glossy with wax. Optimus sighed and stretched, rolling over onto his ventral side and leaving a deep imprint in the thick grass of the alpine meadow. He looked thoroughly satisfied and Cyclonus's subroutines hummed with pleasure. Optimus reached out and petted Cyclonus's abdominal plating, lazily tracing the edges of his armor, and Cyclonus shivered.

Optimus smiled, bright and unguarded, before his expression shifted to one of contemplation. "I don't wish to pry overmuch, but may I ask you something?"

Cyclonus shrugged, "You may ask."

"Do you not enjoy having your spike sucked? Was that why you declined my offer?"

Cyclonus's mood plummeted and his mouth tightened. "I have never been serviced in such a way."

Optimus raised an orbital ridge, "No?"

"No," said Cyclonus. "I abhor the thought of forcing unpleasant service on another, and for nothing but my own pleasure."

Optimus blinked at him, "Unpleasant?"

"When I have had the misfortune to witness it, it certainly appeared so."

Optimus shrugged, shoulder guards clanking as he shifted. "Certainly not everyone may enjoy providing it, but I have always found it particularly pleasurable." He smiled to himself, as if in pleasant recollection. "If you would prefer not to indulge I have no issue with it, I only wondered if you would like to try it."

Cyclonus's spark whirled in trepidation and he fought the surge of dark excitement, "I could not ask Lord Galvatron for such a thing," he said, instead of answering.

"Why not?"

"I...the thought of it, to ask him to submit..."

Optimus's orbital ridges knitted, "You see it as an act of submission?"

"What else could it be?"

Optimus gave him a smoldering, amused look, “Anything you like, based on the preferences of the mechanisms involved.” His thumb stroked gently across Cyclonus’s ventral plating, the sensation heavy and strangely acute. “Would you like me to show you?”

“I...” He felt as though his processor would overclock. His spike, treacherous piece of equipment, was already pressurized, a heavy, tight sensation.

“Easy,” said Optimus, free hand coming up to cradle his helm and Cyclonus let the weight of it drop into Optimus’s palm in relief, letting the grip ground him. He should have worried at how easy it was to give over, to let Optimus buoy him, but his strained processor knew only that here was safety and he clung to that thought as Optimus hushed him. “We need not do anything you are uncomfortable with; it was an offer only, not a command.”

“I want,” the thought threads tangled and he could barely speak.

Optimus pressed a kiss against one of his horns, “Tell me.”

“I want to know how it feels.”

Optimus nodded and kissed him again. Gently, he took Cyclonus’s wrists and tugged them up, pressing them into the grass above his helm. “Keep them there.”

Cyclonus made a sound of assent, grasping at the command to give himself focus. Optimus scooted down his body, but did not touch his spike for the moment, climbing atop Cyclonus and allowing his weight to settle on his legs, pinning them in place. “Feel that?”

Cyclonus took stock of himself. He could fight his way free, no doubt, but not without difficulty. Optimus crossed his forearms over Cyclonus’s pelvic span. Cyclonus squirmed, testing, suddenly aware that he could not move. Slowly, slowly, he relaxed. “I think...perhaps I do.”

Optimus nodded and rubbed his thumbs across Cyclonus’s ventral plating before dipping his head to nuzzle against the side of Cyclonus’s spike. “I chose this position specifically to create a feeling of helplessness, but there are many others. Even ones which look on the surface to create one dynamic can be modified according to specific needs and desires.”

He took the tip of Cyclonus’s spike into his mouth and Cyclonus gasped. His processor reeled at the novel feedback. It did not closely resemble the feeling of a valve around him, lacking the electrical current from matching sensor nodes, but it was slick and warm and activated all the pressure sensors on his spike in a way that stimulated it to release charge, to send out voltage in vain to a valve that was not there. He writhed and Optimus pushed him harder into the grass, sliding his mouth down further, glossa flicking against the tip and teasing the divot of the transfluid line.

“Doesn’t it hurt?” Cyclonus said when he could form words.

Optimus hummed and took him in deep with such ease it made Cyclonus’s head spin, “*The charge tickles a bit, no worse than a minor itch. I consider the annoyance well worth it for the pleasure you can give, and the control it gives you over your partner’s overload. It is little different than servicing a valve, only that the interior of an intake is more sensitive.*”

“But I...I cannot return the favor.” And there it was, the crux of why he could not bear to ask Galvatron for such a thing, the reason that he rode an edge of discomfort even as the pleasure made him bite his glossa against begging for more.

Optimus pulled off his spike and looked up at him. “You are right,” he said. “Galvatron’s, and my own I suppose, peculiar condition does render that an impossibility, though—” He paused for a



minute, frowning, before shaking his head as though to flick the thought away. “Regardless, I see it no different than if you and I had different preferences. Even if I had one, I might not enjoy having my spike sucked, as you may not. That is fine. But if you *do* enjoy it, tell me, do you think for a moment Galvatron would disdain something that gave you pleasure while giving him utter control over you?”

“What do you mean?”

“A spike and a valve create a feedback loop,” said Optimus, lowering his head and licking up the side of Cyclonus’s spike. “But like this, there is no possible way to make me overload, no matter your fortification of will. I can keep you here as long as I like, teasing you, ramping your charge only to let it ebb, over and over again as you beg. And should you lose control and succumb to overload,” Optimus fingered two prominent sensors at the base of Cyclonus’s spike that ran above the fluid lines, depressing them slightly and Cyclonus’s neural net went haywire. “I could keep you from achieving it with no more than the touch of my hand, watch you go through the convulsions and overload dry until you were sure your processor would overclock and your circuits fry.” He smiled and kissed the tip of Cyclonus’s spike, “Are you telling me that your master would not enjoy witnessing that?”

Cyclonus couldn’t breathe. “Please,” he croaked. His neural net felt as though it was on fire. He didn’t know in that moment whether he wanted Optimus’s mouth, Galvatron’s, or even, in a strange, twisted, fantasy that flashed across his processor, his master watching, witnessing, optics hungry as Optimus turned Cyclonus inside out.

Optimus made a pleased noise and took him in again, “*It disturbed you to see me on my knees, but I know Galvatron’s strength like my own, and I know that if he wished to pin you against a wall or surface, hold you there while he sucked you down and you begged for overload while your legs threatened to collapse, he could do so.*” He sucked hard and Cyclonus cried out. “*Tell me, would you humiliate him? Look down on him because he performed such an act?*”

“Never,” gasped Cyclonus.

Optimus purred in approval and Cyclonus’s claws bit into his palms at the vibrations. “*No, you would not, would you? Then let him trust you, trust in what will give you both pleasure.*” Optimus ghosted the tips of his fingers across the sensors on the base of Cyclonus’s spike. “*Now overload.*”

Cyclonus’s vocalizer frizzed and high, white noise screeched across his audio sensors. Charge crackled over his body, crawling along the edges of his plating as he writhed in Optimus’s grip. It went on and on, static crackling at the edge of his vision, as Optimus made wet noises of pleasure and sucked him through it, gentle, unhurried swallows, pinning his pelvic span to the earth with ease.

Weight blanketed Cyclonus, secure and grounding. He struggled to focus his optics as Optimus smiled down at him and kissed him, his mouth sharp with unfamiliar taste. Transfluid, Cyclonus realized, his transfluid, and he moaned, spike twitching and valve cycling down on empty air.

“Trust,” said Optimus against his mouth, voice shaking just a bit as he ground his slick valve against Cyclonus’s thigh. Cyclonus shifted under him, pushing up to provide a firmer platform. Optimus moaned with relief, optics slipping offline, rocking with increasing fervor as his hands sought out Cyclonus’s and guided them to rest against his body. Cyclonus pushed up with his thigh and Optimus stiffened, his valve gushing with enough force that lubricant dripped down Cyclonus’s thigh. Leaning over Cyclonus, he panted, breath warm and close, optics still dark.

Cyclonus doubted his ability to overload properly again for at least a megacycle, but the sight of Optimus Prime thus undone made his spike twitch with renewed interest. An urge percolated in his

processor, the urge to offer his service, coupled with the desire to know if Optimus would look equally magnificent riding Cyclonus's spike as he did here, if his valve would be as warm and soft as Galvatron's, would fit Cyclonus as snugly.

"When was the last time you took a spike?" Cyclonus blurted, only to regret it immediately, that it should sound like a crude, prurient inquiry rather than a plea that he should be next.

Optimus let out a startled laugh, his optics blinking on, "Oh eons ago. Not since the beginning of the war."

A boggling stretch of time. "And you did not miss it?"

Optimus shrugged before allowing his weight to settle on Cyclonus, tucking his helm against Cyclonus's throat and letting out a tired sigh. "Sometimes. But there was no one appropriate available, and as for the physical sensation..." Optimus chuckled. "Let's just say I found an adequate substitute."

Cyclonus frowned, "A substitute? What do you mean?"

Optimus raised his helm and blinked at Cyclonus in surprise. "I mean a substitute for a spike, an artificial construction."

"Who would manufacture such a thing?"

Optimus opened his mouth and closed it. "Pardon me, I forget sometimes how very little you know of Cybertron. Suffice to say there were companies during the Golden Age which created them for sale. I have owned several over the millennia."

"Incredible." So very strange to think of it, this civilization of sophistication. Cyclonus had only known Cybertron in its rough, reconstructed present, and then only in brief intervals, running at the heels of his master. "Do you miss Cybertron?"

"From time to time," said Optimus. "But mostly I miss those I lost in the war, those scattered to the stars." He fell quiet for a moment before nudging affectionately at Cyclonus's cheek. "And certain things make the missing not so acute."

Cyclonus's spark did a slow flip in his chest. Reaching up, he petted Optimus's helm, tracing the shapes of his antennae. It was a gesture that Galvatron bestowed on occasion, during rare moments of quiet, and one Cyclonus had longed to reciprocate but never dared. Yet here it seemed less a gesture of disrespect and more an expression of that same need that made Cyclonus offer up himself for service.

Cyclonus had always approached his master from a position of devotion, awe and not a little fear--an appropriate response to a mechanism as volatile as Galvatron but perhaps...

Perhaps in his eagerness to place Galvatron upon the pedestal he so richly deserved, he had isolated his master, erected a barrier of expectation, made his master reluctant to share his moments of weakness. Which of course, Galvatron would have. He was only a mechanism, shaped by the hand of the Unmaker but a mechanism still.

The thought felt overwhelming and blasphemous in the face of Cyclonus's programming, but the logic of it was sound. He stroked Optimus's helm, keenly aware of the empty itch in his other palm for the curve of his master's.

Optimus hummed in contentment. "You do bring up a good point though. Remind me at our next

lesson, there is a hole or two in your education that could use filling.”

“Of course,” said Cyclonus, only half-listening, trying to ignore the longing to return to his master’s side.

And trying harder to ignore the desire to stay.

Cyclonus found Galvatron seated on the berth in their quarters, propped up against the open sill and staring at a rare patch of star-strewn sky. It was an usual moment of quiet and Cyclonus paused to drink it in, tracing the shapes and shadows of Galvatron’s helm with his gaze.

“Are you going to stand there staring or are you going to tell me where you have been?” said Galvatron, his optics still fixed on the sky.

Cyclonus pushed down a sharp twinge of guilt. “I went for a long flight, my lord,” he said, trying to keep his voice even. “I needed some time and space to clear my processor.”

“Is that so?” said Galvatron. “I find that most interesting. I cannot ever remember you expressing such a need. Indeed I cannot recall you ever expressing any need, from the moment Unicron raised you.”

Cyclonus locked up, suddenly off-balance. His processor raced, an uncomfortable tug between his programming and his spark. “I-I...” What was there to say? “I am sorry, my lord.”

Galvatron did turn to look at him then. “Sorry?” he said. “You are sorry for having needs, something that every organism down to the lowest, crawling thing would have?”

Cyclonus could think of nothing to say.

Galvatron sighed and looked out the window once more. “When Unicron fell,” he said. “I rejoiced, for I was my own master once more, but I wonder sometimes if, for you, it made any difference at all.”

Cyclonus approached the berth, keenly aware he was doing so without permission, and sat. “You are right,” he said at last leaning forward, elbows on his knees. “I did not think, for perhaps too long, about my own desires. At first, they did not seem to exist, and when they did, if I felt they did not align with yours I hated and feared them. But we are all our own selves, with our own wants and weaknesses, and...recently I am beginning to understand that such a thing is not shameful.” He thought of Optimus, the easy way he shifted from strength to vulnerability and his spark twinged. Cyclonus rubbed at his chest, sighing.

Metal scraped on stone as Galvatron moved across the berth. A clawed hand cupped Cyclonus's chin and turned him to face him. Galvatron looked at him intently, searching his face. “I do not know from beneath what rock your newfound revelation has emerged, but I think that I like it.”

*I love you*, thought Cyclonus, though the words tangled in his vocalizer and died unheard. “I am glad it pleases you,” he said instead, and hoped that Galvatron would understand.

Galvatron smirked and stroked his thumb across Cyclonus's cheek. “Hated and feared,” he said, a playful lilt in his voice. “Surely you know that Galvatron fears nothing.”

Cyclonus bowed his head. “I feared it because I did not understand, and when I did understand...I did not think you would find it enjoyable, and that I could not bear.”

"I have told you many times that I am capable of determining what I do and do not enjoy," said Galvatron, nuzzling against Cyclonus's horn. "And there is little I would deny you here."

Cyclonus's spike twitched with interest and he squirmed. "I wondered," he said, and could not finish.

"Go on."

"I wondered how it would feel to have your mouth on me," said Cyclonus. "On my valve, on my..."

"Ah," said Galvatron, pulling back and raising an orbital ridge. "I had wondered why you never spoke of it. And after you have provided such excellent service yourself."

"I do not require--" began Cyclonus, but Galvatron waved him away.

"Do not twist your circuits," Galvatron said. "I am fairly certain I will enjoy such a thing. No, stay where you are." He placed a quelling hand on Cyclonus's shoulder guard, though Cyclonus had barely moved, before rolling to his feet. Galvatron cocked his helm, considering, before sinking down beside the berth and smirking up at Cyclonus. "I believe I have an idea. Open your panel."

Cyclonus's programming went haywire, a cascade of conflicting signals. Galvatron was on his knees and that fell in the category of *should not happen* but Galvatron was also telling him to bare himself and Galvatron's orders must be obeyed.... "I--"

Galvatron leaned forward and licked his closed panel. "Come now," he said, a playful edge to his voice. He bared his fangs, "Afraid?"

Cyclonus could not have kept his panel shut if his life depended on it. Galvatron caught his spike as it pressurized and licked up the side of it. "Much better."

It was a mad, nonsensical thought thread, but Cyclonus found himself with an acute awareness of how Galvatron's mouth followed the same path as Optimus had, the way he sucked the tip and licked the shaft. Not because he found Galvatron's attentions to be unsatisfactory, but because part of his processor still had enough power to wonder what it would be like to have them both here, licking and kissing at each other around the awkward shape of Cyclonus's spike, Galvatron's fingers in Optimus and vice versa and the thought made his systems strain towards overload.

"Lord Galvatron," he said, desperate.

Galvatron made an absent noise and sucked him down.

Or rather, tried to, choking, his intake tightening. He pulled off Cyclonus's spike and coughed.

Torn between panic and arousal, Cyclonus could not hold back a whine of distress. "Galva--"

"Hush," said Galvatron, his voice hoarse. There was a glint of determination in his optics. "Let me."

Miserable, Cyclonus's thought of Optimus, his patience in instruction, and swallowed hard, trying to recall the specifics of their encounter, how Optimus had taken him. "It is easier," he said, hesitant. "Easier if you tilt your helm, open up your--" His tank turned with nervousness and he bit his glossa.

Galvatron was quiet. "Show me," he said at last, tone neutral.

Hands shaking, spark pulsing as though it would wrench from his chest, Cyclonus reached out and cupped Galvatron's helm. He stroked Galvatron's cheeks with his thumbs before reaching up to caress the protrusions on his helm. Galvatron gave a quiet sigh, allowing the touch, and something in

Cyclonus's chest cracked.

“Like this,” he whispered, trembling as he angled Galvatron's helm gently and guided him down. His spike slid across Galvatron's glossa towards the back of his intake. “Relax and swallow.”

Galvatron obeyed and Cyclonus gasped as his spike pushed into Galvatron's intake. Galvatron's optics rounded in shock before dimming. His fingers bit into Cyclonus's thighs and he pressed down, a deep, pleased rumble emanating from his chest. Cyclonus moaned, hunching forward, “My lord.”

*“Show me more,”* said Galvatron, not moving, his meaning clear.

Cyclonus made a low noise of despair, but complied, pulling Galvatron off his spike to let him tongue and caress the tip before thrusting back inside. The act made his coding screech, but the eager noises Galvatron made and the tight, wet constriction of his intake drowned it out. Desperate, he panted, unable to stop “My lord, I'm--”

*“In me. Hold me down. I want to feel it.”*

Cyclonus bit his glossa to keep from sobbing with relief and shame as he gripped Galvatron's helm and pushed in tight as his spike disgorged charge and fluid. Galvatron jerked against him, no doubt in response to the burn, but swallowed.

Shaking, Cyclonus eased Galvatron off him. Transfluid trickled from the edge of his mouth and his optics were hazy and distant, but his field pulsed with strange tranquility.

Unthinking, Cyclonus leaned forward and pressed a kiss against one of the the protrusions on Galvatron's helm. Galvatron roused and there was already an apology in Cyclonus's processor queue when Galvatron tipped his helm back and caught Cyclonus's mouth with his. He tasted of oil and hot iron and Cyclonus's fluids and Cyclonus melted against him with a quiet sigh, optics dimming.

Galvatron breathed deeply and smiled against his mouth. “I quite enjoyed that,” he said. “Now come down here and clean up your enjoyable mess.”

Cyclonus nearly bowled Galvatron over in his haste to obey, and for the first time in Cyclonus's memory, Galvatron's laughter echoed through their quarters.

## Chapter 6

### Chapter Notes

Hello again, gentle readers! Thank you for your patience and the wonderful feedback as I cranked this beast out amid other fics and work. We're finally coming into the home stretch though (probably one more chapter to go), which sounds amazing for a fic where the plot could be summed as "Cyclonus has a somewhat accidental affair with Optimus Prime" but here we are. xD

Trying to squeeze the chapter on here while AO3 is cooperating, so enjoy Cyclonus dealing with a whole mess of inconvenient feelings. Also this is the chapter where the "Sex Toys" tag comes into play, so have fun with that. Happy reading! :3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

In spite of any Not Official In Any Capacity Whatsoever agreements that may or may not have been made between himself and Ultra Magnus, Cyclonus was understandably wary of venturing near Autobot City. So despite tracking Optimus to that very location following the Prime's next invitation, he still couldn't bring himself to march through the front door.

Thankfully this time, Optimus had left the window open.

"Come in," said Optimus from his desk, waving one hand in a distracted manner. "Have a seat, there's energon. I'll be a few more moments."

Cyclonus hadn't had a proper look at Optimus's apartment since his first break in. He retrieved the energon cubes, tucked one away, and seated himself on the berth, cracking open the other and sipping at it.

Optimus squinted at the datapad before him and sighed.

"Something amiss?" said Cyclonus, only to realize the foolishness of asking. Despite the...unconventional nature of their interaction, he was still a Decepticon and--

"A message from Ultra Magnus," said Optimus. He smiled, a shadow of dark amusement in his optics. "A report of Decepticon activity. He comments on how quiet things are. Personally I think he's worried about you."

Cyclonus squirmed. "Ultra Magnus is a fine soldier," he said, quietly.

"That he is," said Optimus, looking up at him meaningfully. "And a good friend."

"He does not--" Cyclonus began, and paused looking at the floor. "He need not worry for now. We have found shelter and resources--unclaimed resources--and Lord Galvatron seems content to see the Decepticons grow if not conquer."

"I am glad," said Optimus. "Meg--he was made for war, sparked and framed for it, and I often wondered if he was even capable of contentment."

Lifting his helm a little defensively, Cyclonus said, "His needs are different--as are yours--but that

does not render him incapable of peacetime occupations.”

Optimus snorted softly, “Fair point.” He looked at Cyclonus, his expression shrewd. “Is that where we are, peacetime?”

Cyclonus opened his mouth, closed it, and swallowed hard. “It is not my place to speak for Lord Galvatron but...” He hung his helm.

“But what?”

“I am happier as things are now.”

It felt like the worst kind of betrayal. Cyclonus knew his duty, knew that if Galvatron rose next cycle and swore that universe would burn that Cyclonus could not but follow him and yet...

Optimus's chair scraped against the floor and he crossed the room to kneel before Cyclonus, reaching out and lifting his chin. He searched Cyclonus's face for several moments before smiling. “As am I,” he said.

Cyclonus shivered and leaned forward, pressing the front of his helm against Optimus's. Optimus stroked his horns.

“I called you here for a specific purpose,” said Optimus finally. “While I disagree that the physical differences between you and Galvatron should impact your ability to submit to him, it seems to me that your inability to offer him your valve as you might to another mechanism bothers you. Is that correct?”

Cyclonus looked at the floor. “It is,” he said at last, unable to quell his embarrassment.

“Hush, it is nothing to be ashamed of,” said Optimus. “It is only that our last conversation reminded me that there is no need for such a desire to remain in the realm of fantasy.”

Started, Cyclonus looked up, “What do you mean?”

Optimus smiled, “Let us just say I called in a favor.”

There was a knock at the door.

Cyclonus stiffened, shooting an alarmed look at the door. His plating clamped hard against his protoform and his weapons hummed to life.

Optimus rested a gentle, but firm hand on his forearm guard. “Easy,” he said, rubbing his thumb across Cyclonus's plating. “They're a friend. Or at least a friend of a friend.”

Cyclonus watched, wary as Optimus stood and crossed the room, before sliding back the door.

“Hey there, lovebirds!” said Rodimus Prime, sweeping in with a wide grin on his face and his usual lack of decorum. “Aren't you a sight for sore optics?”

Optimus sighed, “Rodimus, please. I told you it wasn't like that.”

Rodimus snorted, “Yeah, yeah Mr. ‘I'm Too Old to Be Having Entanglements’. I swear you’ve gotten as bad as Magnus lately.”

Cyclonus's tank turned and he found himself biting his glossa against the utterly ridiculous urge to declare that it *was* like that, and that Optimus was anything but too old.” The strange, defensive

surge left him puzzled and off-balance and he hastily squashed it.

Optimus pinched the bridge of his nasal ridge. "I take it you were successful in your search?" he said, with the air of someone desperately trying to change the subject.

"Sure was!" said Rodimus. "I had to shake the weirdo down a bit before he'd cough up the goods. You have any idea what your memorabilia is going for these days? Sheesh, I'd be jealous if I wasn't creaped out." He produced a narrow, rectangular box from his subspace and held it out to Optimus. "It's the genuine article though, I checked it against your description. And it does belong to you, so that guy can stuff his complaints about 'inventory theft' up his exhaust port." Rodimus waggled his orbital ridges meaningfully. "I even disinfected it for you."

Optimus looked a little ill at this, but he accepted the box. "Thank you, Rodimus, I do appreciate it. Now if you please?"

"Of course, of course," said Rodimus. "Don't mean to interrupt your non-entanglement time. But bring him around for dinner sometime, will you? Him and any other non-entanglements you've got hidden away in here. We'll call it a diplomatic meeting."

He winked at Cyclonus. "Magnus says hello by the way."

And then he was gone, leaving behind a sense of vacuum and exhaustion in his wake. Optimus sighed and seated himself beside Cyclonus on the berth, the box in his hands.

"I am sorry," Optimus said. "I did not wish to make you uncomfortable. Rodimus can sometimes speak without thinking, but he has a good spark."

"I am not uncomfortable," said Cyclonus. It was not entirely true, but it was not Rodimus's words that made him feel so. Rather it was the encounter itself, that as if by stepping in, acknowledging Optimus and himself, Rodimus had cracked the shell around something fragile and unknown and exposed it to the outside world.

Something that Cyclonus himself had avoided thinking about.

Optimus looked at him, his expression a tad incredulous, but did not contradict Cyclonus. Instead he flipped the small latches on the box and opened it. "Here, this is what I was referring to."

Cyclonus stared.

Resting in a molded depression was a perfect replica of a spike, silver grey, thick ridges winding their way around the shaft, which was stippled with raised nodes, and tapered to a narrow tip.

Optimus gave the object a fond smile and ran a finger along the shining surface. "This may be one of the last of these in existence. I doubt their production has been a top priority for Cybertron."

"How does it work?" said Cyclonus, his voice hushed.

Optimus laughed. "I should think that would be obvious. But no, no, I grasp your meaning," he said, chuckling as Cyclonus ducked his helm in embarrassment. "There is a reason that I asked Rodimus to seek out this one specifically. There were similar models made, back before the war, to be used alone or with a partner. Even those with spikes of their own no doubt appreciated the unique ability to penetrate their partners while pleasuring them in other ways. But this one was a gift, made for me specifically. It has a useful additional feature."

Cyclonus squirmed at the thought of using such an item on Galvatron, biting back the noise that



wanted to emerge, and examined the object with interest. "What sort of feature?"

A mischievous smile crinkled the corners of Optimus's optics. "Shall I show you?"

Cyclonus tried not to appear over-eager as he scrambled back on to the narrow berth. There wasn't space for them to lie side by side, but he scooted back to lean against the wall, opening his arms in invitation.

Optimus took it, sinking back against him with a soft sigh and Cyclonus could not keep from stroking his sides. Optimus tucked his helm against Cyclonus's, a little pulse of sad affection flickering through his field, and bent and spread his legs. From this angle, Cyclonus found himself admiring the thickness of Optimus's thighs, and felt a brief stab of longing for the grip of them around his body.

Optimus held up the object, fiddling with a couple of ridges and nodes at the base that Cyclonus could now see were cleverly designed controls. A click, and the object whirred and transformed in Optimus's hands.

At first, Cyclonus could not grok what he was looking at; the strange shape that emerged from the base resembled a smaller, secondary spike, but the slope of the shaft was sharper, forming an angle to the initial piece.

Optimus fingered the secondary protrusion. "This part fits inside a valve. Magnets, here, here, and here can be activated to attach it to the exterior of the valve housing, to stabilize it and keep it from slipping out. It's possible to use it without the secondary half, you'd have to ask Galvatron his preference, but I always found I experienced greater sensation with both halves."

Cyclonus could barely speak. The thought that it might be so *easy*, that Galvatron might have him in this way--that Optimus might have him, a stray thought whispered and his valve clenched--that his longing to open himself would remain longing no longer, sent a satisfied rush of coded pleasure through him.

He reached out, unable to help himself, and closed his hand around Optimus's wrist, just below where he grasped the object. Optimus gave his hand over, allowed Cyclonus to manipulate it, examine the item from all sides. At last Cyclonus swallowed hard and urged Optimus's hand down between his legs.

"Show me?" Cyclonus said hoarsely.

"Of course," said Optimus. His free hand sought his interface hatch, and overwhelmed with strange excitement, Cyclonus copied him, reaching down to caress Optimus's bared valve before sliding a finger inside.

"Ah," said Optimus, arching back against him. "Careful, it's been--oh, yes right there--some time." His valve was tight, his lubricant just starting to flow, and Cyclonus raked his thumb across the anterior nodes, curling a second finger into him.

Optimus moaned, pelvic span twitching, and Cyclonus pressed a kiss against one of his antennae, his spark pulsing as though it would rip from his chassis while he worked Optimus open.

"Easy," said Optimus, gasping. "Or I'll overload."

"I want you to overload," said Cyclonus, unable to keep from sounding petulant.

Optimus laughed breathlessly. "Careful, talk like that and I might just ask you to kidnap me and

cause a diplomatic incident.”

In that moment, Cyclonus would have liked nothing more than to do just that. He bit his glossa and withdrew his fingers, but paused to roll the prominent node at the forefront of Optimus's valve between them.

Optimus jerked against him, but did not quite overload. Cyclonus hid a smile as Optimus's field flickered in involuntary annoyance and pressed a pointed finger against the hand which held the item.

Optimus roused and tried to get it situated, Cyclonus helping to stabilize it as he fumbled. At last they managed to orient it and Cyclonus could not resist running his fingers down the short shaft, tracing the rim of Optimus's valve as it sank inside.

“These,” said Optimus, struggling to indicate two prominent nodes on the base of the shaft. “These activate the magnets.”

Cyclonus obligingly depressed them and was rewarded with a click and the item clamping tight against Optimus's pelvic span. He paused to survey it and his spark pulsed with excitement.

A perfectly formed spike jutted forth between Optimus's thighs. True it didn't match his plating, but the proportions were generous and the shape pleasing. On impulse, Cyclonus reached out and fisted it as he would his own.

Optimus jerked and gasped. Startled, Cyclonus snatched his hand back. “Did I hurt you?” he said, worry swamping him.

Optimus shook his helm. “No. Forgive me, it's been a great while and I'd forgotten about the feedback.”

“Feedback?” said Cyclonus, dumbfounded.

“A system of internal magnets and sensors,” said Optimus. “It's not quite the same as a spike, but pressure and current from a valve, or...other objects, send electrical feedback to my own.”

Cyclonus's tank gave a slow roll of excitement. “Then you can feel when I do this?” he said, curling his hand around the spike and stroking gently.

Optimus bucked into his hand. “Oh most definitely. And if you keep that up you'll wear me out before I can show you the most pleasant part.”

Optimus turned in his arms, squirming and rolling until they were flush, belly to belly. The spike jutted between Cyclonus's thighs, a hard, alien shape. He cupped Cyclonus's interface hatch. “Open for me?”

Cyclonus's tank gave a strange, slow flip but he obeyed, his fuel pump hammering in his chassis. Optimus prodded at the entrance of Cyclonus's valve, tracing the edges and smearing lubricant, before reaching up to curl his fist around the spike and press the ventral surface against Cyclonus's own.

Cyclonus jumped at the novel feedback, his processor whirling in conflict, and Optimus smiled, stroking them together, smearing the lubricant from Cyclonus's spike against the object. “With a little creativity, the possibilities are endless,” he said, his tone amused.

He released them, reaching for Cyclonus's valve once more and Cyclonus swallowed, trying not to

squirm as Optimus pressed a finger into him, testing the give of his valve.

Optimus paused, orbital ridges knitting, and withdrew. "Are you alright?" he said.

"I--" Cyclonus cleared his vocalizer, struggling to articulate the strange, conflicted feeling in his spark, how his desire for Optimus warred with his desire for Optimus not to perform this act, at this moment. "I don't--"

Optimus searched Cyclonus's face for several long moments, before his face smoothed out and he sighed, his expression rueful and a touch sad. "Would you prefer to share this exclusively with your master instead?"

Cyclonus fought against his processor, thought threads tangling in his queue. He wanted Optimus to take him, his valve fairly ached for it, but it crashed against the desire to have Galvatron do so, the desire to have them both here, Optimus solid and comforting at his back, cradling him and fingering him open while Galvatron pushed inside him. The desire to see Galvatron similarly equipped, taking Optimus with all his eager, desperate energy and Optimus taking him in return. How they must have looked, could look, two titans joining on the battlefield, overcoming and being overcome. How a berth with only one of them in it now seemed a berth half-empty.

These thoughts knotted in his processor unspoken and it threatened to overclock. "I--" he said.

"Be easy," said Optimus, cupping his helm. "You need not explain. Galvatron is extremely lucky to have you."

Cyclonus pressed his helm into Optimus's palm, trying desperately to convey the depth of his longing.

Optimus stroked one of his horns with his thumb. "Your loyalty and devotion do you credit, and if there was ever anyone who deserved to have such a one at their back, it is Galvatron. Meg--he spent far too long, I suspect, surrounded by those who did not have his best interest at spark." he said, tone regretful.

Cyclonus stared at Optimus, utterly taken aback. "You are not displeased?"

Optimus shook his helm. "To the contrary, I am finding it very difficult not to show you exactly how pleased I am." His smile was wry, and the spike still pressed against the inside of Cyclonus's thigh, but he made no move to go further.

Cyclonus swallowed hard. "I still--I wish..." He hooked his claws in Optimus's plating and tried to pull him closer.

"Shh," said Optimus, rubbing his thumb across Cyclonus's valve. "If you are amenable, there is still something I would like to show you."

"Yes," said Cyclonus, because he could say nothing else.

Optimus kissed him and slid a finger back inside him. "Galvatron will no doubt be eager to have you, but you are new to this, and valves are resilient, but still delicate." He stroked and stretched Cyclonus's valve, setting off deeply buried sensors and Cyclonus squirmed. "Feel for yourself."

Cyclonus fumbled to obey, groping down between them, across the back of Optimus's hand, and carefully pushing in a finger next to the ones already buried inside him. The sensations were strange, firmer than a glossa, a slight, burning stretch. Optimus pulled back and cupped his slick fingers around Cyclonus's own, guiding him, encouraging him to push them deep and spread himself.

“If it hurts, ease off,” said Optimus. He ground the spike slightly against Cyclonus's thigh and Cyclonus bit back a moan at the feel of it, his valve contracting around his fingers. “This doesn't produce lubricant as your spike does, so you need to make particularly sure that you are slick and relaxed.” Optimus smiled mischievously. “Having your partner overload you with their mouth is one of the most pleasant ways of doing so.”

Cyclonus bucked up, grinding helplessly on his fingers. Optimus shifted his grip and stroked the nodes between his spike and valve housing, before reaching up to take them both in hand.

“It comforts me,” Optimus said, so softly Cyclonus could barely hear him, placing gentle kisses along Cyclonus's throat. “Knowing that he has you, knowing that you care for him when I--” He broke off and buried his face against Cyclonus, drawing deep, shaking breaths.

Cyclonus shivered and tightened his grip. Optimus was silent for a few moments before he seemed to gather himself and stroked them together optics fixed on Cyclonus. “Overload for me,” he said, a current of command in his tone.

Cyclonus's systems leapt to obey with startling speed, his valve tightening down around his fingers and spike spilling over their joined hands.

“Beautiful,” said Optimus's, rubbing his thumb across the wet head of Cyclonus's spike. Reaching down, he tugged Cyclonus's fingers free before sliding his own inside. Cyclonus arched, a gasp escaping him at the strange sensitivity. “See how wet and open you are for him?”

He pulled back and rubbed the spike across the exterior of Cyclonus's valve, compressing sensors. Cyclonus bit back a whimper at the empty ache but Optimus stroked his flank soothingly and did not enter him.

Time glitched and dilated as Optimus thrust against him, ramping his own charge as the object slid through Cyclonus's lubricant. His own was flowing freely, dripping from the base of the object where it penetrated him and Cyclonus felt the jealous flicker of desire to pull it free and have Optimus ride him.

At last Optimus moaned and hunched over him, pelvic span jerking as he overloaded. He slumped backwards on the berth, legs sprawled open and the spike jutting between them.

When he could breathe once more, Cyclonus crawled across towards him and grasped the base of the spike. Optimus groaned as he disengaged the magnets and pulled it slowly free.

“Are you alright?” said Cyclonus.

“Aching only,” said Optimus. His pelvic span was splattered with lubricant and transfluid and Cyclonus bit back the unfamiliar urge to hike up his legs and take him right there.

Cyclonus patted his thigh. “Up,” he said. “You can recharge when you are clean.”

Optimus let out a grumbling sigh. “For such an obedient vassal,” he said. “You certainly are are demanding.”

Cyclonus raised an orbital ridge. “It is the duty of a vassal to see to his master, regardless of whether the master is being reasonable.”

“Thus so,” said Optimus, after a pause. “Let me regain use of my legs.”

Once Optimus--and the item--were sparkling clean once again, Optimus packed the object in its

protective case and presented it to Cyclonus. His hand lingered on Cyclonus's, as though reluctant to let go, before he leaned forward and pressed a gentle kiss against the front of Cyclonus's helm.

“Thank you,” he said, and there was a sad flare in his field. “Thank you for sharing yourself with me, for letting me remember just for a short while what--well, thank you”

He was being dismissed, Cyclonus realized, like an icy punch to the abdomen. This was Optimus's way of telling Cyclonus there was no more that he could teach him, of sending Cyclonus back to his master with his blessing.

But...Cyclonus did not want to go.

Or rather, he did, but he did not want to go alone.

He wanted Optimus with him, with him and Galvatron, somewhere where he would be loved and cared for and appreciated properly for all he was and all he had done.

He stuck on the word, sending it spiraling through his processor over and over again.

It was there, in a cramped apartment in Autobot City, that Cyclonus realized he was in love with Optimus Prime.

His next thought was that he was thoroughly fragged.

Cyclonus found himself peculiarly shaky as he set down on the moon near their settlement. His frame tingled with new, disturbing knowledge, and the box and energon cubes sat heavy and damning in his subspace.

One panicked thought thread told him that he had betrayed his master, that his spark was Galvatron's by right and Cyclonus had no business giving it to anyone else. Another condemned him for submitting to an Autobot, for committing to such a foolish exchange in the first place.

And yet another despaired that Optimus had sent him away.

He did not speak to anyone, only climbed the stairs, desperate for their room, for quiet and privacy in which he could mourn and reassemble the fractured pieces of his spark.

He stumbled through the door and Galvatron looked up, startled, from the desk, where he appeared to be examining a map or star chart of some kind. “What the slagging--” He blinked in puzzlement. “Cyclonus?”

Cyclonus stared at him, unable to speak. He didn't know why he thought, somehow, that Galvatron would not be here. He *wanted* Galvatron to be there, to take him in hand and soothe him and tell him that the world was not in fact falling to pieces. The same, gentle way that Optimus had done--he was a slagging fool for submitting so easily! He wanted Galvatron to be gone, he wanted Optimus to be gone, to be *alone* so he could cry out in rage and despair--

He must have had a terrible look on his face, because Galvatron frowned and rose. “Come here,” he said.

An order. He could follow orders. He stumbled across the room and sank at Galvatron's feet.

Galvatron sighed and knelt beside him, tipping up his chin and examining his face. "Do I need to take you to Hook?"

Cyclonus shook his helm, mute.

Galvatron petted his helm, tugging on Cyclonus to lean against him and Cyclonus crumpled, offlining his optics, letting the pressure of his master's hand ground him.

"I am a fool," whispered Cyclonus hoarsely.

"No doubt," said Galvatron, his tone dry. "But a good-sparked fool nonetheless. Now are you going to tell me what is wrong?"

Cyclonus swallowed hard. "I cannot," he said, and it felt like failure.

Galvatron did not chastise him however. "Then come to bed," he said.

Cyclonus went, and did not let himself think.

The next cycle brought the unnatural calm after a powerful storm. Cyclonus felt at once disconnected from his frame and as though every sensory input were too sharp, too strong.

He was staring out the window, listening to the flow of solvent from the washracks as Galvatron made use of them, when he realized he had forgotten the box.

He pulled the box out, set the energon cube aside, and examined it. It seemed, after the revelations of the previous cycle, it should burn him. He felt branded in a way, by shame, by Optimus's touch.

He wondered how Galvatron could not feel Optimus on him, taste and smell the residue of him.

"What's that?" said Galvatron, and Cyclonus jolted. Galvatron nodded to the box as he wiped himself down. "Another souvenir of your little trips?"

"There will not be any more," said Cyclonus quietly.

Galvatron raised an orbital ridge and sat beside him on the berth. "And yet still I find myself unbearably curious."

Cyclonus passed him the box. "It is for you," he said. "A gift."

He did not look as Galvatron took the box and opened it.

Galvatron was silent for several long moments. "Where did you get this?" he said at last.

"It does not matter," said Cyclonus. "It was freely given." The words tasted strangely bitter and he found himself reaching out, resting his hand on Galvatron's thigh. "Please--I want," he hesitated, but spoke, "I want you to have me."

*Make me forget. Make me think of other things, not of impossibilities.*

It was apparently the right thing to say, as Galvatron's thigh rippled under his touch, cables contracting, and a low, pleased growl escaped his master.

The next moment, Cyclonus found himself shoved flat as Galvatron straddled him, optics bright and hungry. He stroked Cyclonus's sides and Cyclonus parted his legs, allowing Galvatron to settle between them, relishing the weight of him.

“Did this giver say anything of how this works?” said Galvatron, mouthing at his throat.

Cyclonus's head spun and his valve clenched as Galvatron shifted and ground down on him.

“Magnets,” he said, dizzy, “at the base.”

He wanted to help, to participate more. This was everything he had longed for, but he felt strangely disconnected, apprehension coiling in his tanks. Galvatron sat up, spreading his own knees and bowing his helm to examine the object in his hands, and Cyclonus nearly pulled him back down to combat the sudden, lonely chill.

In times of anxiety, he would reach for his master, to ground him, to soothe him, but he did not know what to do when his master was the source.

Blindly, foolishly, his spark aching, he reached for his commlink.

“*Cyclonus?*” Optimus's voice sounded thick and sleepy. “*Is something the matter?*”

“*I--*” said Cyclonus, processor churning. “*You did not complete your duties as an instructor,*” he blurted out, inanely.

“*What?*” Optimus sounded caught off guard. “*What do you--*”

“*I do not find myself confident enough in my skills to venture forth alone,*” Cyclonus said, barreling onwards. “*Therefore I say that our agreement is not concluded.*” Above him, Galvatron let out a growl of triumph and Cyclonus heard the click of engaging magnets. “*Please,*” he said. “*Please aid me.*”

There was a weighty pause on Optimus's end. “*Cyclonus,*” he said. “*Where exactly are you?*”

Galvatron bit his throat with enthusiasm, grinding the shape of the object against Cyclonus's inner thigh and Cyclonus choked out a moan. “*Where do you think?*” he said, longing, goading.

Optimus let out a low, strangled noise. “*Why are you doing this to me? I thought--Galvatron--*”

“*You thought you would cast me aside?*” said Cyclonus, unable to keep the bitterness out of his tone.

“*Never,*” said Optimus, his voice cracking slightly. “*But you were never mine to begin with.*”

He was right, in the purest sense of the word, but Cyclonus did not want to think of rights and wrongs. Galvatron kissed him hard and Cyclonus bucked against him. “*I want you,*” he said, begging. “*I want you here, now, with us, please, please, ple--*”

“*Hush,*” said Optimus, and Cyclonus fell silent. “*Calm yourself and give me some information. Your valve, touch it, tell me if you're wet enough.*”

Cyclonus obeyed, squirming a hand between their bodies and running his fingers over the folds of his valve. The object bumped against his knuckles and Galvatron let out a startled noise. Feedback, as Optimus had said. “*I think so?*” he said.

“*That means no,*” said Optimus. “*Try to relax and stimulate yourself. You could be injured*

*otherwise."*

*"But Lord Galvatron--"*

*"Will be very pleased by the sight, I can promise you."*

Cyclonus swallowed and did as he was bid, stroking his valve, rubbing his fingers across the exterior nodes before delving inside. Galvatron had gone still, weight resting atop him, optics fixed on Cyclonus, his expression heated but calculating, banked embers.

Then Galvatron's hand joined his, fingers pressing inside, following Cyclonus's cues, coaxing him to open.

*"What is he doing?"* said Optimus, a strange note in his voice.

*"Helping me,"* said Cyclonus, and felt a peculiar thrill, as if Optimus could see through his optics across the distance. *"He is over me, heavy, hot, I feel as if I might burst. His fingers--ah!"*

*"Let him continue,"* said Optimus. *"Take your thighs, bring them up. I've heard it said your first time is easier on your knees, but somehow I think you will prefer looking at him."*

Cyclonus's hands were slippery with lubricant, but he managed to bring his knees up, exposing himself in a way that frightened him even as it aroused him unbearably. Galvatron shifted back to let him do so, sitting up before withdrawing his fingers and resting his hands on the backs of Cyclonus's thighs, gripping and spreading them.

*"I remember this,"* said Galvatron, voice hushed, as though ashamed, optics distant. *"I remember how I--"* He ground the head of the spike against Cyclonus valve, unfamiliar pressure.

*"Relax as he enters you,"* said Optimus. *"It should feel strange, but not painful."*

Cyclonus did so and his breath hitched as Galvatron slipped inside. "Lord Galvatron," he choked out.

Galvatron smirked and withdrew before pushing back in, sinking deeper. Cyclonus's neural net went haywire, hyperfocused on the novel stimulus. "Ah!"

*"How does he feel?"* said Optimus, voice soft.

*"Good, strange--oh! Full, so full, splitting me, so much pressure..."* "Lord Galvatron, please," he moaned aloud.

*"Breathe,"* said Optimus, sounding breathless and somewhat shamed himself, and Cyclonus realized with a stab of excitement that Optimus was pleasuring himself, moved to arousal by Cyclonus and his master even while parsecs distant. *"You wished for surrender; relax and allow him in."*

Cyclonus arched and felt Galvatron slide home. His valve clamped down, clenching and fluttering around the intruder, raising sparks and surges of current.

Cyclonus's vocalizer spat static and above him Galvatron growled with pleasure, and began to thrust.

Dizzy, Cyclonus could only cling to Galvatron, unable to stop the whimpers which bubbled out of him. Pressure tightened in his pelvic span. "Lord Galvatron!" he gasped out. *"Optimus!"*

*"Are you close?"* whispered Optimus.



Galvatron chuckled breathlessly. “You like that?”

“Yes! Oh I’m--” Cyclonus writhed. “*So close, so close, I can't quite--*” “Lord Galvatron!”

“Overload for me,” growled Galvatron.

“*Overload,*” said Optimus, sounding close himself.

Cyclonus could no more have disobeyed than have unmade himself. His frame went rigid, valve clamping down on the hard presence inside him. His resistors tripped and he found himself drowning in waves of current as he overloaded and overloaded and he cried out--

“*Lord Galvatron!*”

“Optimus!”

Cyclonus collapsed, gasping and heaving. His optics stared blindly, processor swamped by an intense, soporific feeling. He shivered, all over too sensitive. His valve flexed and fluttered.

Then hands clamped tight around his wrists, pinning him to the berth, and he looked up, startled, into his master’s blazing optics.

“What,” said Galvatron. “Did you just say?”

## Chapter End Notes

...oops? ^^;;

## Chapter 7

### Chapter Notes

Hello gentle readers! Many apologies for the lateness of the chapter. This is uh, a weird one of sorts, but the good news is we're in the final stretch! Just one more chapter to go. Please enjoy these three idiots taking themselves ~~and each other~~;3 in hand. Thank you for sticking with me for so long and happy reading! <3

Cyclonus slammed shut his commlink with the same speed he would use to escape an incoming missile. His processor blanked, blind panic, words tumbling out of him in a rush. "Lord Galvatron, I am sorry, Lord Galvatron, I didn't mean--I only wanted--forgive me forgive me forg--"

"Silence!" thundered Galvatron and Cyclonus shut his mouth so hard he tasted energon. He shivered uncontrollably, his neural net aflame, acutely aware of Galvatron still over him, in him, hands shackling Cyclonus's wrists. Terror and novel vulnerability swamped Cyclonus and he realized he was whimpering, strings of punishing code cascading through his processor queue.

Galvatron seemed to notice at the same moment because he, shockingly, eased back, hands loosening though not releasing, and lifting himself enough to withdraw. Cyclonus made a low, wounded noise as the object left him.

His valve ached.

Galvatron searched his face, his expression inscrutable. "Explain," he said at last, his tone like lead.

Cyclonus did. It was relief and shame and grief all at once but he spoke and spoke until he thought his vocalizer would short out. Spoke of his jealous curiosity, his despair that he was no longer sufficient, his determination to do better. He spoke of lessons and longing, jealousy morphing into something infinitely more shameful, of seeing at last what had led Galvatron to seek Optimus, of his joy in service, of growing to crave Optimus's approval, of feeling torn in two.

To his shock, Galvatron listened. Listened to it all, while Cyclonus poured forth words and words and words to fill to fill the silence, until he could speak no more and could only shiver, scraped hollow.

"You," said Galvatron, after several agonizing moments. "Are a fool."

Cyclonus flinched, but could say nothing.

"But then again," said Galvatron. "So am I." He let out a whoosh of air and lowered his helm to rest against Cyclonus's shoulder.

"I wondered," Galvatron said. "Whom you had found to warm your berth. I guessed it was Scourge perhaps, or another low-ranking soldier. I hated it, but you were discreet. No gossip reached me, your service never faltered, and I--I could not deny you, if you wished to seek solace with another, or I was no better than Unicron."

Cyclonus opened his mouth to protest but Galvatron released one of his wrists and held up a hand. "It is true. You were shaped to serve me, it was not a bond you chose."

“But I stayed,” said Cyclonus, desperate. “Always, until--” He bit his glossa. “I do not want to go,” he said, plaintive.

Galvatron's free hand sought his horns, stroking and Cyclonus trembled as a wave of programmed calm rippled across his neural net.

“I would not send you from me,” said Galvatron, lifting his helm. He looked conflicted. “And to be truthful, I was no better. I allowed myself to be drawn to something long-extinguished, something meant for a dead mechanism.”

“Not so dead,” said Cyclonus, and Galvatron tensed. Cyclonus swallowed hard. “Unicron was a being of unimaginable powers,” he said quietly. “But creation was not one of them.”

Despair twinged in Galvatron's field and his shoulders hunched. “*He* is quieter, beside the Prime,” he said. “I told myself a thousand times that was the end of it, only impulse, only energy, the touch of the Matrix.”

“Optimus carries it no longer,” said Cyclonus, and he felt Galvatron twitch at the sound of the name. “Nor did he carry it when you sought him out.”

Galvatron let out a low, rough laugh. “He would not have me either,” he said at last, and there was an air of shameful confession to it. “He offered something that I--and then he left.”

Cyclonus cautiously tugged his wrist free and wrapped his arms around Galvatron in a gesture of familiarity that he would have never dared--by Primus, was it only decacycles ago? “He always speaks of you when we are--when we were together, what you might like, how I might please you as well as myself. And he always asks after you.”

Galvatron shuddered.

Cyclonus bit his glossa, but continued. “It was the easiest way to make him overload, to speak of you, to hear you.”

Galvatron let out a low, choked noise. “Why tell me this?”

“I...” Cyclonus said. “He thanked me, when he sent me away. Thanked me for bringing him solace. Thanked me for serving you. But it was the time I spent with him that allowed me to see you as more than my beloved master, that changed it from service to...more than that.”

Galvatron kissed him, hungry and desperate, and Cyclonus yielded, hands going to Galvatron's helm.

“*I can feel how he makes your spark sing,*” said Cyclonus, and Galvatron bit at his glossa. Cyclonus moaned. “*Can you feel what he does to mine?*”

Galvatron pulled back, panting, breath hot in the narrow space between them. “You have never asked me for anything,” he said. “And now that you come to me with this...I feel that I am undeserving, that somehow I have manipulated you, that you should ask me for something that I desire.”

“It is not entirely altruistic,” said Cyclonus, embarrassment flashing in his field.

Galvatron's optics sharpened. “Oh?” A small smile crept across the corners of his mouth. “Do tell.”

“I--” said Cyclonus, turning away.

Galvatron chuckled. "Don't be shy, I find myself intrigued to know what you and the Prime have been up to. Or what fantasies have crossed your processor."

His master had asked and it was relief to obey. Cyclonus offlined his optics. "I wished to be in him, to be a tool for his pleasure, let him ride me until he could no longer." His ventilation hitched. "To have him be in me," he admitted.

Galvatron gave a small, but pleased, growl. "And?"

It was a desire he could not fathom with his master but it fired something dark and restless in Cyclonus's core. He swallowed, "I wished to see him on his back, legs up and open to me, hold him down, spike him, make him overload."

"Yes," said Galvatron, and there was a strange, rasping quality to his voice that raised prickles in Cyclonus's neural net. His hand sought Cyclonus's spike, teasing the tip of it from its sheath and Cyclonus fought to keep his pelvic span from jerking uncontrollably.

Galvatron threw a leg across Cyclonus's hip and his grip encircled them, pressing Cyclonus's spike against the object and stroking slowly.

"*He* wanted that," hissed Galvatron against Cyclonus's audio sensor. "Wanted to take, wanted the Prime open to him, by his side, to possess, to protect. The Autobots were worthless fools, they did not know his frame and spark as he learned it in battle. Could not please him the way that *we* could."

Cyclonus stroked the prongs of Galvatron's helm and did not reply.

Galvatron's hand slowed and his weight sagged onto Cyclonus. He shuddered.

"And then he was gone" Galvatron said, a rough and almost plaintive sound. "Gone forever, a hole torn in us that we could not even comprehend."

Cyclonus cupped the back of Galvatron's helm.

"But he came back," said Galvatron, slowly. "Back, and I looked at him, and *he* looked at him, and we wanted, together. Bright and steady, so very bright."

"Like sweeping away the ashes and finding living coals beneath," said Cyclonus, very quietly.

Galvatron shook his helm, as though throwing off an irritant. "I foolishly thought that I could have what *he* had. I was wrong."

"Perhaps not," said Cyclonus. He lifted his head and pressed a string of gentle kisses along Galvatron's jaw. "I would give you anything," he said, his field rippling with longing. "Anything within my power, to make you happy. And it would please me beyond words to give you this."

"But he is not yours to give," said Galvatron.

"He said much the same thing regarding myself," said Cyclonus. "But we are all the masters of our sparks. They are ours to give, to whom we chose. And I believe his spark chose eons ago. As yours did. And as mine has now."

Cyclonus cupped Galvatron's helm between his palms, steadying his head so he could look into Galvatron's optics. "A vassal's duty is to bring a suit for his master. Let me try."

Galvatron was silent for a long moment before leaning forward and dropping a kiss on Cyclonus's

helm, just above his brow, a mirror of Optimus's own gesture, a blessing.

"Luck be with you," said Galvatron, and Cyclonus's spark swelled.

Cyclonus was an accomplished hunter, well-versed in the intricacies of the chase. So though it pained him, he kept to radio silence, flitting above Autobot City, just out of range of their arial scanners.

The window to the apartment was open.

Optimus jolted up from his desk when Cyclonus slipped inside, field roiling with worry. His arms half-rose, reaching for Cyclonus, before he paused, fists tightening, and lowered them to his sides.

"I did not expect to see you again," said Optimus.

Cyclonus's tank turned. While he'd given his word to Galvatron, and he intended to deliver, his own spark ached, torn between withdrawal to protect himself and throwing himself into Optimus's embrace. "Did you wish to see me again?" he said.

"Always," said Optimus. His hands twitched. "I did not think you would want to return."

Cyclonus let himself move closer, unable to keep from letting out a sigh of relief as their fields meshed. Optimus's arms came up, and Cyclonus allowed himself to sink into the space between them, resting his weight against the broad chassis.

Optimus touched his horns, gently, hesitant. "I am sorry," he said. "I did not wish to send you away. I only felt I had to."

Cyclonus pressed his face into the expanse of Optimus's windshield, feeling the glass creak. "My service is my masters'," he said, a note of rebellion swelling in his field. "But my spark is my own."

Optimus's arms tightened around him. "So it is. Will you forgive an old fool for thinking otherwise?"

Cyclonus kissed him, deeply, and felt Optimus melt against him. He pulled back and dropped a kiss beneath each of Optimus's optics. "I am well-acquainted with old fools," he said. "Indeed, they hold a special place in my spark."

Optimus's helm sank down to rest against his own. "Can this old fool do anything to repair the damage he has done?"

"I think so," said Cyclonus. An aroused harmonic rang through his field, intense and insistent, and he reached to trace the edges of Optimus's interface hatch.

Optimus's optics brightened and he backed obediently up as Cyclonus grasped his hands and shepherded him towards the berth.

They sank down together, Cyclonus clambering to sit astride Optimus, marveling at how quickly Optimus relaxed beneath him, thighs parting.

"Yours," said Cyclonus, grinding down.

"Yes," said Optimus.

“His,” Cyclonus said, letting the harmonics in his glyphs leave no doubt as to whom he meant.

Optimus shuddered. “Yes,” he said, a strange note in his voice. His field pulsed with longing.

Cyclonus slid his hands down to grasp Optimus's wrists, pressing him into the berth. “I forgive you,” he said. “A thousand times over. Do you trust me?”

Optimus offlined his optics. “Yes.”

“Then I hope you will forgive me as well.”

It was the work of a moment to snap the stasis cuffs around Optimus's wrists. Optimus jerked beneath him, frame snapping tight, optics flaring wide and startled, before the cuffs engaged and he went limp, optics going dark.

Cyclonus pressed a kiss against the apex of Optimus's helm and continued with his mission.

## Chapter 8

### Chapter Notes

Ahhhhhhh, this is about four million years behind and I am very sorry. I've been waylaid by a myriad of work and life things (mostly work dear fucking god) but many thanks to all the kind readers who kept reminding me not to leave this unfinished. ~~Now I just need to get my ass back on Samizdat dear god.~~ Without further ado, please enjoy the final chapter! Happy reading!

Optimus surged awake under Cyclonus's hands, twisting, only to be brought up short by the shackles above his helm. Cyclonus rested a quelling hand on his dorsal plating, pulsing out anxious waves of comfort. The hook in the ceiling creaked ominously, but held.

Optimus paused, optics flickering as he took stock of the situation. His own field remained neutral, but he shifted on his knees, his hands curling into fists, testing the give of his bonds.

“You realize,” Optimus said, tone edged with sarcasm, “that when I suggested you kidnap me and cause a diplomatic incident, I was only half-serious?”

Cyclonus rested his helm against the curve of Optimus's pauldron and stroked his arm, checking for strain to the tensor cables, spark turning within him. “Please forgive the deception,” he said. “I did not think you would agree to come.”

Optimus sighed, sounding immeasurably tired. “You are likely right,” he said. “But for future reference, asking is polite.”

Cyclonus's hand tightened around his upper arm. “You may take any measure of satisfaction from me that you desire.”

“A tall order,” said Galvatron from behind them. “Perhaps I should be envious.”

Optimus tensed, and Cyclonus ran a soothing hand across his back. Optimus hunched and hung his helm.

“I owe you an apology,” he said. “I did not mean to overstep.”

“You owe nothing,” said Galvatron briskly. “Cyclonus is fully capable of making his own decisions regarding whom he shares himself with.”

He approached them, reaching out to rest a hand next to Cyclonus's. Optimus shivered.

“Besides,” said Galvatron, a thread of wistfulness in his tone. “If I had known you were in need, I would have sent him myself.”

“I did not—” began Optimus, but Galvatron tugged his helm back and kissed him, hard and demanding, and Cyclonus felt Optimus's body melt against him, sagging, thighs parting. He slid his arms up around him, supporting his weight, and nuzzled into the glass of Optimus's chassis, listening avidly to the wet sounds they made, and Optimus's whimpers.

Galvatron pulled back at last, optics bright. “However,” he said, sounding breathless and a bit shaken. “I am rather disappointed that you did not see fit to take advantage of the most *delightful* part of Cyclonus's frame.”

“Pardon?” said Optimus, looking not a little dazed.

Galvatron's mouth curved into a smile. “Why don't you show him, Cyclonus?”

“Of course, Lord Galvatron,” said Cyclonus, trying not to make his eagerness too evident. Releasing Optimus's chassis, he stroked the inside of his thighs, urging them apart before reaching up to cup his interface hatch.

“May I have you?” he said, because even at his master's command the thought of unwanted intrusion left him uneasy. He ran his glossa along the edge of one of the small, black, folded protrusions at the base of Optimus's windscreen. “Will you let me please you this way?”

“Oh,” said Optimus, arching. “Yes, yes please.” His interface hatch slid back and Cyclonus felt the drip of lubricant, slick against his palm. “Please, now.”

The urge to obey was strong, but Cyclonus pushed it aside for now, sinking two of his fingers into Optimus's valve. It clenched tight around them, sensor nodes sparking, sending little tickles of current between his joints. Cyclonus thrust, slowly, stroking deep, and Optimus cursed and wriggled.

“Pleasant,” Optimus gasped. “But not what I meant.”

“You will have satisfaction in due time,” said Cyclonus, struggling to keep his face neutral. “But was it not you who taught me that you need to properly prepare for this?”

Optimus groaned, helm sagging back. “Are you slagging *kidding* me?”

“Lord Galvatron?” said Cyclonus, twisting his fingers. “I believe he could use a distraction.”

“Gladly,” Galvatron growled, and then he was kissing Optimus again, muffling his gasps and curses as Cyclonus worked him open.

Satisfied that Optimus was suitably engaged, Cyclonus bared himself, fisting his spike with his free hand to ensure it was slick. Bringing himself close, he withdrew his fingers, teasing apart the rim of Optimus's valve to distract him, and slid the tip of his spike into the space between them.

Optimus jerked, and Galvatron gripped his helm more tightly, swallowing the helpless moan he made as Cyclonus sheathed himself, slowly, feeling the mechanisms of Optimus's valve spiral open to admit him. He held them, belly-to-belly, letting Optimus's valve clench and ripple around him, before rocking back and forth, mere microns of movement, in a way he knew would grind against the ceiling node.

“Please,” said Optimus, biting blindly at Galvatron's mouth, “please, please, *please* .”

Galvatron chuckled and Cyclonus gripped Optimus tight as he was nearly unseated, Galvatron reaching up to unhook the shackles from the ceiling. The sudden application of weight sent Cyclonus tumbling backwards, but then he was flat, Optimus perched atop him, a warm and perfect sheath for his spike, and his coding purred in approval.

He stroked at Optimus's thighs, reaching up to touch the glowing nodes at the top of his valve. “I am at your disposal,” he said and *oh* the words made his coding and spark sing with happiness.



Optimus laughed, a breathless sound that sent a pulse of joy through Cyclonus's field, and braced his shackled wrists on Cyclonus's chassis, thighs working as he lifted himself, circling his pelvic span as he thrust back down and began to ride Cyclonus in earnest.

“Beautiful,” rumbled Galvatron, his voice and field so thick with approval that it made Cyclonus's spark pulse. “*You are not to overload, not yet.*”

“*Yes, Lord Galvatron,*” Cyclonus responded. The edge of mischief in Galvatron's field meant he was surely planning something, but it was far easier to sink into the pleasant haze of obedience than wonder what it was.

Weight settled on Cyclonus's legs as Galvatron pressed himself up against Optimus's back, arms sliding around him, one caressing his windshields, and the other descending, fingers joining with Cyclonus's to toy with the nodes of his valve.

“Feels good, doesn't he?” Galvatron purred against Optimus's audio sensor and Cyclonus had to brace himself to keep from overloading as Optimus ground down against him with a moan. “Filling you up, hitting all those sensitive spots inside you? Perfectly thick, just dripping with charge?”

Cyclonus's tank made a strange flip. He knew of course, on some level, that Galvatron enjoyed having Cyclonus's spike inside him—he would hardly allow it otherwise—but to hear him praise Cyclonus's anatomy in such blunt terms sent an utterly embarrassing thrill through him.

“So good,” gasped Optimus, optics bright and hazy. “Haven't—Vector Sigma, I forgot how *good*—”

“Show him how good,” said Galvatron, mouthing at Optimus's antenna until he whimpered. “You are close, are you not?”

“Too close,” said Optimus. “I—”

“Then let go,” rumbled Galvatron, rolling the bright node at the apex of Optimus's valve between his fingers.

Optimus spasmed in their grip, valve clenching tight, and Cyclonus bit his glossa so hard he tasted energon as current discharged across his spike, counting the beats of his spark as Optimus slowed, his valve flowering open as he sagged down on Cyclonus spike, breath coming in deep, sobbing gasps.

Galvatron hummed in approval and stroked Optimus's dorsal plating before urging him down to rest, draped across Cyclonus's chassis. Optimus shuddered and pressed his maskless face against Cyclonus's throat.

“You did not overload,” he rasped.

Cyclonus kissed him. “Do not worry over it.”

Galvatron patted one of Cyclonus's greaves. “Stay there,” he said, before rising and moving out of sight.

Optimus half-lifted his helm with a questioning sound. “What?”

“Patience,” said Cyclonus. “Kiss me instead.”

Optimus obeyed, and Cyclonus relished the wet slide of their mouths, and the warm, slick cradle of

Optimus's valve around him.

“Mm!” Optimus let out a startled sound, optics going round. Above them, Galvatron knelt, and Cyclonus felt his fingers, rubbing against the underside of Cyclonus's spike as he delved into Optimus, lubricant gushing out as he stretched the rim of his valve.

“Yes?” said Galvatron, the inquiry clearly pointed at Optimus.

Optimus arched, his field going momentarily jagged with uncertainty. “I—oh! I never tried but—” He panted, breath hot against Cyclonus's face. “Yes, I think, yes.”

“Good,” said Galvatron, his fingers growing more insistent. “You may overload as many times as you need.”

“So generous,” groaned Optimus, an edge of irony in his tone.

At first Cyclonus had no notion of what they were talking about, but then Galvatron ground down against Optimus's aft and he felt the blunt head of the object rub against the base of his spike.

The sensation of Galvatron's fingers touching him even while he was inside Optimus was peculiar indeed, and Cyclonus writhed in uncertain pleasure, struggling to slow his systems.

“Still too tight,” said Galvatron. “You need to overload again.”

“Trying,” Optimus gasped. “I—back off a moment and let me think.”

To Cyclonus's surprise, Galvatron obeyed, stroking at Optimus's dorsal plating with his free hand while Optimus shivered and shook.

“Line yourself up,” said Optimus, when he could speak. “Then bring me over. When you feel me start to come down, push in, get the tip past the rim.”

Galvatron shifted up, over them, and Cyclonus felt the steady, blunt pressure against the base of his spike. Galvatron pulled his fingers free and pushed his hand in between them, knuckles bumping against the root of Cyclonus's spike as he began to rub at Optimus's anterior node.

Moments stretched out, Optimus's field fluctuating wildly as his charge built, as he struggled to bring his frame to heel. Cyclonus caressed his antennae and kissed the front of his helm.

“Ours,” he said, and Optimus's field buzzed with embarrassed longing. “Open for us, please?”

Optimus sobbed and overloaded, hard, and Cyclonus felt it, the battering, inward slide of the spike replica against his own, compressing the ventral sensors of the shaft. Optimus's valve spasmed and clamped down, immobilizing them, but for the moment it did not matter because Cyclonus had never felt so intimately joined with any other beings. He groped for Galvatron's hands, urging them to Optimus's sides and lacing their fingers, as though closing a circuit.

“Beautiful,” said Galvatron, nuzzling against the back of Optimus's helm. “And ours.”

Optimus's breathing eased, and slowly, slowly, the mechanisms of his valve relaxed. Hands still joined with Cyclonus's, Galvatron withdrew and began to thrust, stimulating pressure sensors and hiking Cyclonus's own charge, inducing his spike to release current despite its stationary position. Cyclonus tightened his fingers around Galvatron's, letting him push them higher.

“In me,” said Optimus hoarsely. “In me.”

“With us,” said Galvatron.

Optimus shook his helm, desperate. “I cannot.”

“You can,” Galvatron's voice hardened. “With us.” He pushed down and Cyclonus felt the swollen bump of Optimus's anterior node grind against his ventral plating. “Once more.”

“With us,” echoed Cyclonus, and thrust up.

Optimus broke, his valve discharging a final time and Galvatron squeezed Cyclonus's hands in permission.

It was as though he'd blown a capacitor. Current roared through strained circuitry and transfluid spilled out of him in an endless rush, overflowing between them and splattering them all. Above them he heard Galvatron snarl and felt the surge of charge as he overloaded

Galvatron sagged overtop of them, panting, and started to withdraw, but Cyclonus clutched his fingers.

“Please,” he burst out. “Please stay.”

He realized belatedly that he was presuming, on both their parts, but Optimus only let out a longing sound of agreement, and squeezed weakly around them.

After a moment, Galvatron relaxed, before gripping them both hard, and rolling them on their sides.

Optimus let out a startled noise as the movement shifted both spikes inside him, but then sighed as Galvatron nestled up against his back, and buried his face in Cyclonus's neck.

*Ours*, thought Cyclonus, spark in his throat, and slept.

---

It was movement and low voices in the berth that woke Cyclonus. He was warm and absolutely limp with exhaustion, and clean, thanks in no small part to his insistence that they not continue to sleep in the ocean of fluids on the floor, and one brief and logistically complicated visit to the washrack. His chronometer told him it was still well before the hazy, methane-fogged dawn.

Sleepy, he did not move, but onlined his optics.

Galvatron covered Optimus, hip-to-hip and belly-to-belly, pinning his hands above his helm. Cyclonus did not need to look to know that they were joined, optics locked on each other's as Galvatron rocked with glacial slowness, Optimus's thighs hiked around his pelvic span.

“Ours,” Galvatron muttered. He was wearing a conflicted, somewhat distant expression, as though he were there but not there somehow. “Ours and ours and ours.”

“Yes,” whispered Optimus, his tone soothing. “Yours. For a very long time yours. And yours now. If I had known I—”

Galvatron kissed him into silence, desperate, grinding in deeply, and Optimus's legs tightened around him in response.

Cyclonus's commlink pinged.

Ultra Magnus.

Unmoving, he answered it.

*"Is Optimus Prime at your location?"* said Ultra Magnus.

*"Yes."*

*"He is unharmed?"*

*"Yes. No doubt he will contact you in a cycle or so. He is...preoccupied."*

Ultra Magnus cleared his throat uncomfortably. *"No doubt. I will call off the search then. Should I switch his status to 'on leave'?"*

*"I believe so, yes."* Cyclonus watched through dim optics as Optimus overloaded, open and shameless, Galvatron's triumphant shout muffled into his neck. *"But you may tell Rodimus we will be taking him up on his dinner offer."*

*"Of course."*

The connection ended and Cyclonus shifted, moving closer to them. Optimus's optics, still hazy with pleasure, brightened and he extended a hand.

Cyclonus took it, pressing in close, molding himself along the joined shape of their bodies. Galvatron turned to nuzzle him as he did so, letting out a deep chuff of warm breath across Cyclonus's faceplates. Optimus brought Cyclonus's hand to his mouth and kissed his knuckles.

Cyclonus offlined his optics, a pleasurable hum in his circuits, knowing somewhere in the unquantifiable core of him, that this was right, in the way that a plug fitting into a socket was right, and he felt a deep upwelling of joy and relief as the torn sensation in him eased. No doubt there would be obstacles, but Cyclonus was nothing if not practiced at overcoming obstacles.

Galvatron chuckled, low and sardonic. "Such foolishness," he said.

"Perhaps," said Optimus drowsily. "But if this is foolishness, I find I much prefer it to sense."

"Agreed," said Cyclonus.

"Rebellion," said Galvatron, but there was no heat to it.

"Indeed," said Cyclonus gravely. "Perhaps you should enact discipline accordingly. I have heard rumors that repeated striking of the dorsal pelvic span is appropriate."

Optimus choked and buried his face against Cyclonus's plating, his pauldrons shaking uncontrollably. Galvatron's expression shifted to one of peevish, if amused resignation.

Cyclonus swallowed a smile and shuttered his optics, allowing his processor to slip into a lucid, half-dreaming defrag state, in which he could ride and crest the currents of air even as his frame remained secure, on the stone berth of a distant, alien moon, grounded between the two halves of his spark.

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